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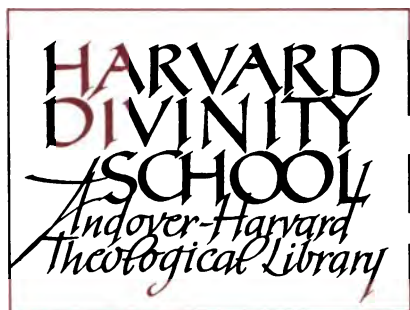
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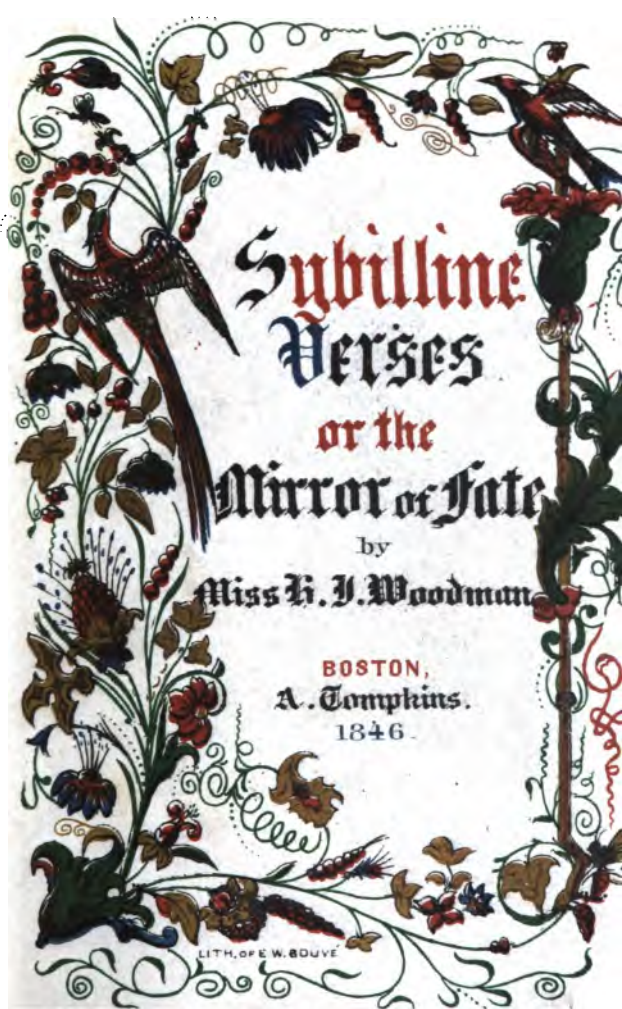
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Sublime
Verses
or the
Mirror of Fate

by
Miss E. J. Woodman

BOSTON,
A. Tompkins.
1846.

LITH. OF E. W. BOUVE



SIBYLLINE VERSES;
OR, THE
MIRROR OF FATE.

BY
MISS H. J. WOODMAN,
AUTHOR OF THE ~~LANGUAGE~~ LANGUAGE OF GEMS.

BOSTON:
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P R E F A C E .

A FEW years since a friend showed me a little Album which she had named the "Fate Book," and filled with scraps of poetry, indicative of future good or ill. The seeker chose the number of a page, without previous intimation, and a person acting the sibyl read the predicted fortune. This simple device was the cause of much merriment in the social circle. The same friend wished me to prepare something of the kind for the press, and the work was commenced, when a book appeared bearing a title which indicated a similar design.

Without seeing the work referred to, I laid my little undertaking "upon the shelf," thinking I had been superseded; but on subsequent inquiry, finding that I was in no wise infringing upon another's rights, I resumed my task, and now offer to the public, *SIBYLLINE VERSES*, or *THE MIRROR OF FATE*.

All pieces composed for this book are marked with a star. In a few instances, an apology is due to the

authors from whom I have borrowed, for slight alterations in the phraseology, which in no case alter the meaning.

The author flatters herself that this little volume may become a parlor favorite, and prove instructive as well as amusing in its innocent mission.



EXPLANATION.

Choose any number from 1 to 103—the opposite *even* number will be the Lady's fortune—the *odd* number the Gentleman's.

1	68	:	:	:	:	55	32	132	:	:	:	:	115
2	170	:	:	:	:	163	33	18	:	:	:	:	153
3	8	:	:	:	:	111	34	54	:	:	:	:	183
4	16	:	:	:	:	23	35	104	:	:	:	:	15
5	168	:	:	:	:	101	36	182	:	:	:	:	53
6	50	:	:	:	:	129	37	198	:	:	:	:	131
7	112	:	:	:	:	9	38	76	:	:	:	:	203
8	176	:	:	:	:	51	39	24	:	:	:	:	181
9	128	:	:	:	:	103	40	56	:	:	:	:	35
10	20	:	:	:	:	133	41	108	:	:	:	:	81
11	66	:	:	:	:	147	42	116	:	:	:	*	91
12	100	:	:	:	:	165	43	134	:	:	:	:	33
13	146	:	:	:	:	189	44	184	:	:	:	:	197
14	178	:	:	:	:	17	45	28	:	:	:	:	11
15	194	:	:	:	:	29	46	88	:	:	:	:	117
16	130	:	:	:	:	41	47	166	:	:	:	:	151
17	70	:	:	:	:	73	48	174	:	:	:	:	31
18	10	:	:	:	:	99	49	162	:	:	:	:	201
19	52	:	:	:	:	113	50	172	:	:	:	:	179
20	102	:	:	:	:	155	51	156	:	:	:	:	75
21	114	:	:	:	:	195	52	90	:	:	:	:	185
22	180	:	:	:	:	85	53	74	:	:	:	:	137
23	118	:	:	:	:	149	54	202	:	:	:	:	67
24	196	:	:	:	:	135	55	136	:	:	:	:	119
25	26	:	:	:	:	205	56	12	:	:	:	:	199
26	122	:	:	:	:	187	57	22	:	:	:	:	177
27	38	:	:	:	:	43	58	58	:	:	:	:	45
28	72	:	:	:	:	89	59	106	:	:	:	:	95
29	86	:	:	:	:	97	60	186	:	:	:	:	121
30	152	:	:	:	:	171	61	48	:	:	:	:	13
31	46	:	:	:	:	69	62	14	:	:	:	:	57

(6)

63	60	:	:	:	:	175	84	124	:	:	:	:	107
64	120	:	:	:	:	193	85	190	:	:	:	:	25
65	138	:	:	:	:	49	86	34	:	:	:	:	143
66	188	:	:	:	:	71	87	82	:	:	:	:	63
67	30	:	:	:	:	139	88	98	:	:	:	:	161
68	78	:	:	:	:	83	89	154	:	:	:	:	27
69	92	:	:	:	:	59	90	164	:	:	:	:	47
70	160	:	:	:	:	123	91	210	:	:	:	:	169
71	158	:	:	:	:	157	92	208	:	:	:	:	79
72	44	:	:	:	:	37	93	144	:	:	:	:	145
73	204	:	:	:	:	141	94	126	:	:	:	:	125
74	140	:	:	:	:	93	95	192	:	:	:	:	207
75	62	:	:	:	:	21	96	42	:	:	:	:	105
76	110	:	:	:	:	109	97	84	:	:	:	:	211
77	148	:	:	:	:	61	98	96	:	:	:	:	159
78	200	:	:	:	:	127	99	40	:	:	:	:	173
79	32	:	:	:	:	39	100	206	:	:	:	:	19
80	80	:	:	:	:	167	101	36	:	:	:	:	209
81	94	:	:	:	:	77	102	150	:	:	:	:	65
82	142	:	:	:	:	191	103	212	:	:	:	:	213
83	64	:	:	:	:	87							

DEDICATION.

To young and old, the wise, the grave, the gay,
To all who love in social haunts to stray,
Who seek in innocent delights to find
The relaxation for an o'ertasked mind,—
To such the prophetess reveals her store,
Clothed in the choicest of poetic lore.
She would that fortune upon all might shine,
But truth has influenced the kind design,
And shown her that the clouds of life will rise,
And shroud in darkness the serenest skies.
Oh! be your lot in life whate'er it may,
Let fortune smile or hope's first buds decay,
There is a talisman for every ill
Within the heart which truth and virtue fill.

Why thus longing, why forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained and dim ;
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn ?

Would thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearning it would still ;
Leaf and flower, and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world, through weal and woe.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give ;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Young Pilgrim, *not* alone shall be thy journey,
Nor through the valley shall thy pathway lie ;
Thy future track, though strewn with rocks and
thorny,
Up through the mountain mists ascendeth
high.

And on those mists shall fall a golden beauty,
And rainbow hues shall span the weary way,
And in thy heart shall shine the light of duty,
And on thy brow shall fall love's glittering
spray.

And like the music of a hidden river,
Winding its way beneath some verdant arch,
Shall sound within thy spirit's depths forever,
A *voice*, to cheer thee in thy toilsome march.

A voice whose tenderness shall never falter,
Never until in death's deep silence lost ;
Which shall breathe worship at thy spirit's altar,
Through every struggle and at every cost.

Yes, you are odd, if odd you call
Alone, unmatched, unlike to all ;
Living apart from those who tread
The beaten path which all have led.
Why should you weep that you should be
Unlike to any one you see,
That partial nature should impart
A happier lot, a gayer heart.

Then do not grieve that you alone
Thro' pleasure's paths are doomed to roam ;
For you can turn from sorrow's power,
To woo the lightly gladsome hour.
And as we prize the sweetest rose,
And claim the choicest fruit that grows,
So will thy friends most value thee,
Who ever very odd must be.



You may not call to grandeur's hall
The lady of your heart ;
You have not power, or wealthy dower,
With true love to impart.
You bid her from a sphere to come
That thine is far above ;
Yet shall not this impair the bliss
That hails your wedded love.



What wouldst thou of the Sorceress, thou of the
dark blue eye ?

I tell thee by thy flashing glance, and by thy
forehead high,

By all thy queenly majesty adorned by maiden
grace,

The faultless beauty of thy form, the witchery
of thy face,—

By thy rich voice whose varying tones no words
can fitly tell,

Now stern as if the thunder spoke, now soft as
music's swell,

By the high gift of eloquence shared only with
the few,

Stirring the heart to mighty deeds, or pleading
to subdue,—

I tell thee thou shalt tread the stage, its fair and
gifted Queen,

That pride shall stoop to flatter thee, and wealth
shall spread its sheen ;

The poet in his sweetest lays shall breathe thy
charmed name,

And genius tender thee its hand thy fellowship
to claim !

It is a giddy height, fair girl, where thou art
called to tread,

But hail the light that fills thine eye and rests
upon thy head !

Oh, gird thyself with human love, the sword
of strength unsheathe,

Move onward, upward in thy course, *the dan-
ger lies beneath !*



Oh, there is something whispers me
A mighty course is thine.
Thy name among the stars I see
In golden letters shine.

But thou wilt find 't is hard to wear
The laurel wreath of fame ;
And the most crushing weight to bear,
Of all earth yields—a-name !





Thou hold'st the reins within thy hand ;
Oh ! use them well.
That he 's too restive far to stand,
I need not tell.
Be patient with his ardent mind,
Love will subdue ;
His heart is true and warm and kind,
And giv'n to you !
Deal gently with the human heart
Where'er it beats ;
If once it feels a piercing dart,
Love soon retreats.
If tempted to resign thy power,
Read his blue eye,
It tells thee, through the darkest hour,
Love shall not die !

*



Lead thou the little child
With patient care in learning's rugged way ;
Along the margin note the blossoms rare,
And watch lest in forbidden paths he stray.

Thine is a holy task—
A teacher of immortal souls to be,
The veiled and tender conscience to unmask,
And bid the blinded eye once more to see !

Patience and firmness blend
To seal thee for thy mission on the earth.
Who would the young untutored mind attend,
Must like thyself possess unspotted worth.

*



Nature hath granted thee a holy prize !

Oh treasure it beyond earth's choicest gem,
The power to sway the brave, the good, the wise,
Greater than if a regal diadem
Pressed, with its wearying load of restless care,
Upon thy brow now all unstained and fair !

The Muses sang a pæan o'er thy birth,

And Flora decked thee with her rarest flower,
And music trilled her sweetest strain of mirth,
To mark the passage of thy natal hour.
The child of song and poetry thou art,—
On life's wide stage thine is a brilliant part.

From the pure fountains of the olden time,

Whene'er thy soaring spirit is athirst,
Thou shalt receive and drink ; and from the clime
Where genius sprang to gracious beauty first,
There shall encircle thee a robe of light,
That shall forever keep thy spirit bright.

*



What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles grace your blood ;
You 'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble you 'll be good.

What though from Fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures you possess ;
You 'll find within your pittance—plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
Sufficient for your wishes give ;
For you will live a life of reason,
And that 's the only life to live.



There 's sunshine on thy brow, sweet girl,
Unclouded, pure, and dazzling bright,
And on thy cheek the glossy curl
Sleeps like a shadow in the light ;
The rose-leaf with the lily vies
Upon thy fair unsullied cheek,
And from thy clear and dreamy eyes
Thy gentle spirit seems to speak.

Oh ! could I with a wizard's might
The scroll of future fate unroll,
And on its sibyl page indite
The dearest wishes of my soul ;
I 'd write, " May sorrow never shade
The snowy whiteness of thy brow ;
Nor from thy cheek the rose-leaf fade,
But ever bloom as bright as now."



Too miserly, too miserly to give the world its due,
And therefore is it that it looks so doubtingly
on you ;

Just open once a generous hand, and let mean
thoughts depart,
And strive to own that brilliant gem, an honest,
noble heart.

Men cannot love a narrow soul ; THOU canst not
in another ;

Then each unworthy, selfish thought, strive
eagerly to smother ;

Make of each stranger heart a friend, each friend
another self,

Nor place the love of honest worth beneath thy
hoarded self.

Begin to tread a broader path, to live a nobler
life,

Nor wear away thy little span in mean ignoble
strife ;

Give to the poor, and let the prayer of lowly
hearts ascend

For thee, whose dearest name shall be,—the
poor man's pitying friend.

Yes, yes, thy future shall be bright, redeeming
all the past,

Thy face shall shed a kindly beam where clouds
have overcast ;

The helpless orphan shall be taught to lisp thy
name in prayer,

And angels shall record thy deeds upon a tablet
fair.

Thy pleading eye,
Lit with love's holy fire, which burns within,
Hath messages that busy ears defy,
Voiceless, yet heard above the tempest's din.

To prayer, to prayer!
Poor aching heart, there is a refuge still
From the wild worship of thine earthly
care,
In him whose love shall all thy spirit fill.

He will return—
The brave, the gentle and the undefiled!
Strange that thy doubting eye could not
discern
The bow of promise 'mid the tempest wild!

*



Oh ! never despair, for our hopes oftentimes,
Spring swiftly, as flowers in some tropical climes,
Where the spot that was barren and scentless at
night,
Is blooming and fragrant at morning's first light.
The mariner marks, when the tempest rings loud,
That the rainbow is brighter, the darker the cloud.
Then, up ! up ! Never despair.

The leaves which the sibyl presented of old,
Though lessened in number, were not worth less
gold ;
And though Fate steal our joys, do not think they 're
the best ;
The few she has spared may be worth all the rest.
Good fortune oft comes in adversity's form,
And the rainbow is brightest when darkest the storm.
Then, up ! up ! Never despair.

And when all creation was sunk in the flood,
Sublime o'er the deluge the patriarch stood !
Though destruction around him in thunder was
hurl'd,
Undaunted he look'd on the wreck of the world !
For high o'er the ruin hung Hope's blessed form—
The rainbow beam'd bright through the gloom of the
storm ;
Then, up ! up ! Never despair.

A milliner, a milliner, and who so fine as you,
With *Paris fashions made at home*, yet beautiful
as new ?

Well conversant with all the terms the *trade* can
understand,
And happy in thy tasteful art as any in the land.

A spacious store and well supplied with ribbons,
feathers, flowers,
Whose gaudy colors half outvie the gems of
Nature's bowers,
Where beauty comes to add a charm the bright-
est and the last,
To that which Nature's skilful hand made lovely
as she passed,—

To bear the scorn of insolence without a flash-
ing eye,
To hear thy trade but lightly named, or with
contempt passed by—
This thou must count upon, fair girl, but be thou
strong of heart,
Thy rectitude and patient skill shall glorify
thine art.

*

Come, send abroad a love for all who live ;
Canst guess what deep content in turn they
give ?

Kind wishes and good deeds will render back
More than thou e'er canst sum. Thou'lt noth-
ing lack,

But say—" I 'm full !" — Where does the stream
begin ?

The source of outward joy lies deep within.

And if indeed 't is not the outward state,
But temper of the soul by which we rate
Sadness or joy, then let thy bosom move
With noble thoughts, and wake thee into love.
Then let the feeling in thy breast be given
To noble ends—this, sanctified by Heaven,
And springing into life, new life imparts,
Till thy frame beats as with a thousand hearts.



Love now and ever; for affection here,
With its sweet flowers, knows no succeeding
spring!
If once its blossoms wither, sigh or tear
Shall ne'er again its scattered fragrance bring!

Earth has no gem whose value can repay
For one short hour of coldness or of scorn!
Its dearest light, its softly dazzling ray,
Grows pale before affection's trusting morn!

How sweet to feel that love's long cherished
flower
Shall fade not, though all earthly things
decay:
'T was born before creation's natal hour—
'T will flourish still when earth shall pass
away!

So live that angels may rejoice above
In the pure flame your bosom soon must feel;
Turn from life's conflicts to the source of love!
For strength and faith to God's high altar
kneel!

*

Thou lackest strength to move among thy race
 With giant power,
And therefore glidest to thine humble place
 Pleased with a flower,
Whose fragrance charmeth thee beyond the
 breath
Of Fame, which would outlive the touch of
 death.

Seek thou the shaded glen, where placid streams
 Sing their sad song ;
There let thy life exhaust itself in dreams—
 A shadowy throng—
That love the valley and the quiet way,
Nor ever struggle upward to the day.

Such souls as thine are wild flowers, meekly
 spread
 Beneath the forest trees ;
The dews of heaven refresh their mossy bed,
 While to the passing breeze
They yield the incense that around them floats,
And hear no music save the wild bird's notes.

*

Dear Girl ! it were a common wish, though vain,
That all thy days might glide in sunshine by,
And life no shadow know of misery :
'T is well the cup Humanity must drain
Is dashed with bitter, though the lip would fain
Turn from the draught—for they are strong
alone

To *live* and *act*, whose spirits oft have known
The stern and wholesome discipline of Pain !
Therefore I say not, “ may no grief be thine ; ”
But “ whether joy or sorrow mark thy way,
Oh ! be thy strength sufficient for thy day,
And cloudless sunlight gild that day’s decline ;
So shalt thou know, life’s load at last laid down,
Who meekest bears the cross is worthiest of the
crown ! ”

Thy glance is proud, thy face is fair,
Thy flowing locks are bright ;
But time will never blanch that hair,
Nor dim that dark eye's light.
Thy step, that moves so stately now,
Will ne'er grow faint with years ;
Nor earth's deep strains of music flow
Less sweetly to thine ears.
Thou, ne'er shalt see thy laurels fade
Before a greener wreath,
For life's best boon beneath their shade
Is thine—an early death !

Then go in fearless valor forth, ,
Thy destined path pursue,
With many a deed of knightly worth,
And knightly glory too :
As a long promised heritage
Thy land awaits thy fame,
And far through many a future age
Her bards shall sing thy name :—
But time can never waste away
The gems of hope and faith
That shall enshrine thy memory—
Thou sealed for early death !

Fair lady ! may music abide in thy heart,
Bidding care with its sorrowing train depart !
May friendship be with thee to guide and bless,
And wealth, with its treasures of happiness ;
The world will deal gently with one so fair,
And grant thee thy portion in blessings most
rare.

What more dost thou covet ? Oh ! dearest and
best,
The mantle of virtue to fold o'er thy breast ;—
The meek eye of patience to gladden thy lot,—
A heart in which envy and passion are not,—
The smile of contentment, and kind word of
love,—
These shall be thy jewels all value above !

*

It shall be thine to tread the sick man's room,
And minister the healing draught to pain,
And see the maiden fading in her bloom—
A breaking link in fond affection's chain.

The infant blossom, full of guileless love,
Shall fall, untimely broken from the stem ;
The angel mother, with her hopes above,
Shall claim in Heaven a spotless diadem.

Thou wilt exert thine utmost skill, and oft
The cheek of beauty shall resume its hue ;
And with a steadfast heart, firm, patient, soft,
Thou wilt thine arduous, painful task pursue.

But light shall cheer thee from above thy way,
The Great Physician shall thy teacher be ;
And through the clouds that may o'ercast thy
day,
The light of human love shall rest on thee !

*

Before thy noon thou shalt lay down the veil
Of earthly dust which now thy spirit wears;
Thy life shall be like an unfinished tale,
Breaking the web of pleasures, pains and
cares.

Thou wilt have tasted of love's purest spring,
And plucked from friendship's wreath the
choicest flower,
And tuned to joyous song thy sweetest string,
And known the rapture of a cloudless hour.

Sorrow, deep grief, will not have passed thee by;
Hopes that were sweeter than the buds of
June
Shall round thy feet in scattered remnants lie,
Whilst the soft breezes sing their dirge-like
tune.

Dost think it sad to perish ere the night
Of disappointment doth the heart enfold?
'T were sadder far to watch the fading light
With eyes made dim with age and feelings
cold.

*



A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still your precious self, your dear delight :
You love your own smart shadow in the street,
Better than e'er the fairest she you meet.
A man of fashion too, you 've made your tour,
Learn'd *vive la bagatelle, et vive l' amour* ;
So travelled monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
Much specious lore, but little understood ;
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood :
Your solid sense by inches we must tell,
But mete your cunning by the old Scots ell ;
Your meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.



Thou lovest well the Muse—thy gentle eye
Looks on the fair scenes that before thee
smile,
And kindles with the fire of poesy,
Which plays around thy sweet-toned lute the
while ;
To virtue, and to truth, flows forth the strain,
Seeking the lost and wandering to reclaim.

Thou dost not wish for fame—thy woman's
heart
Could ne'er be satisfied with sounding praise ;
Nor wouldst thou in the pageantry take part,
Where proud ambition doth her altar raise.
The tone of *one* loved voice would sweeter be—
Affection's smile is dearer far to thee.

The world's temptations will beset thy way,
And clouds may gather round thee, dark and
wild,
Still wilt thou seek in virtue's path to stay,
And strive to keep thy spirit undefiled.
Whate'er the fortune of thy life shall be,
The smile of Heaven will ever rest on thee.

Turn to the law, nor fear thy lofty soul
Can soil its pinions with the dust of earth ;
Where lesser thoughts ignoble minds control,
Thou passest onward with thy robe of worth.

The crushed and desolate shall seek in thee
And find a most secure, efficient friend ;
The proud will turn away, the knave will flee
From one who cannot gilded vice defend.

Thou art ambitious in a holy cause,
Thou seekest fame—the fame of noble deeds ;
A wise defender of our righteous laws,
Thy name shall brighter grow as time recedes.

'T is beautiful to see the human soul
Leaving all earthly desecrating things,
Moving serenely onward to its goal,
While music gushes from its countless strings.

*

Dream on, dream on ; thy life thus far hath been
Like a fair vision lovely to behold ;
Temptation ne'er betrayed thy heart to sin,
Nor made thee restless in the narrow fold.

Thou wert securely guarded, but no more
Shall others shield thee from deceit and
wrong ;
Thou must alone abide the tempests' roar,
And teach the yielding spirit to be strong.

There do await thee peril, toil, and pain,
Mingling within the cup thy lip shall press ;
But love shall round thee cast its flowery chain,
And friendship linger by thy side to bless.

And thus thou shalt be strong to do and bear,
Loving, forgiving, and enduring much !
Dream on—for not the shadow of a care
Hath yet assailed thee with its lightest touch.

*



Young, ardent soul, graced with fair Nature's
truth,

Spring warmth of heart, and fervency of mind,
And still a large late love of all thy kind,
Spite of the world's cold practice, and Time's
tooth ;

For all these gifts, I know not, in fair sooth,
Whether to give thee joy, or bid thee blind
Thine eyes with tears—that thou hast not re-
signed

The passionate fire and freshness of thy youth.
For as the current of thy life shall flow,
Gilded by shine of sun or shadow-stained,
Through flowery valley or unwholesome fen,
Thrice blessed in thy joy, or in thy woe
Thrice cursed of thy race—thou art ordained
To share beyond the lot of common men.





Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams !
For thou art doomed in age to know
The calm that wisdom steals from woe ;
The holy pride of high intent,
The glory of a life well spent.
When, earth's affections nearly o'er,
With Peace behind and Faith before,
Thou render'st up again to God,
Untarnished by its frail abode,
Thy lustrous soul,—then harp and hymn,
From bands of sister seraphim,
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye
Opens in Immortality.



Make to thyself a name,—
Not with the breath of clay,
Which, like the broken hollow reed,
Doth hide itself away ;
Not with the fame that vaunts
The tyrant on his throne,
And hurls its stigma on the soul
That God vouchsafes to own.

Make to thyself a name,—
Not such as wealth can weave,
Whose warp is but a thread of gold
That dazzles to deceive ;
Not with the tints of love
Form out its letters fair ;
That scroll within thy hand shall fade,
Like her that placed it there.

Make to thyself a name,—
Not in the sculptured aisle ;
The marble oft betrays its trust,
Like Egypt's lofty pile ;
But ask of Him who quelled
Of death the victor strife,
To write it on the fadeless page
Of everlasting life.

Thy little feet scarce deign to rest
Upon earth's cold and chilling breast,
But, like the beauteous birds that roam,
The air seems fittest for thy home.

Thy flexile limbs in joyous dance
Fasten the coldest gazer's glance,
As with a bounding step you trace
The wildest measure born of grace.

A dancing girl, what else for thee,
Creature of restlessness and glee ?
Clad in the lightest robes of art,
Beneath which beats a lighter heart.

Not useless, since there lives in thee,
Sweet girl, embodied harmony !
And when thy graceful gestures speak,
All other language seems too weak.

*

The voice of thy mother be with thee ever,
Pitying and faithful, when shadows arise ;
The smiles of thy father desert thee never,
Near be the light of thy sister's eyes :
Breathings and blessings of Home linger o'er
thee,
Till away from its threshold thy footstep
hath passed,
Hopes then unfading in beauty before thee,
Undimmed and unbroken, enclose thee at
last.

Eve to thy chamber descend without sadness,
Offering thee only a season of rest ;
Morning recall thee from visions of gladness,
To meet the fresh sunshine, and pray and be
blest ;
And if, 'mid the halls of the young and gay-
hearted,
Thou art listening to music or voices of mirth,
Be the tears from thy spirit ne'er suddenly
started,
For that which shall meet thee no more upon
earth !

Good and guiltless as thou art,
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart ;
Griefs that along thy alter'd face
Will breathe a more subduing grace,
Than ev'n those looks of joy that lie
On the soft cheek of infancy.
Though looks, God knows, are cradled there
That guilt might cleanse, or soothe despair.

And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure these eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity !
Nature has breathed into thy face
A spirit of unconscious grace ;
A spirit that lies never still,
And makes thee joyous 'gainst thy will.



Thy voice shall ring where regal halls
Thrill to the clash of mind ;
Where young reform and grey-beard wrong
Unequal contests find.

Unswerving thou wilt ever stand
The champion of *the right*,
And listening senates yet shall feel
Thy dauntless moral might.

Thou wilt be blest—but not as now
Thou dost so fondly trust,
But with the joy that ever waits
The high-souled and the just.

For thy pure life must ever prove
A blessing to mankind,
And nations might be proud to wear
The impress of thy mind.

Thy husband thou wilt choose,
Not for his courtly smile and dress and air,
But for the nobler qualities, which lose
No freshness by the touch of time or care.

Thou wouldst lay down for him
The brightness of thy being, and forsake
Home, country, friends ; and, should thine eye
grow dim,
He can again its early gladness wake.

Splendor thou dost not ask ;
Vain ceremonials would fatigue thy heart,
Which seeks beneath affection's sun to bask,
Receiving much and anxious to impart.

Ere many moons shall wane,
Thou wilt assume the holy name of wife ;
And no ungracious epithet shall stain
The name of him who shares thy wedded life.

*

A gulf doth yawn before thee. Thou art tread-
ing,

E'en as a child, upon an adder's nest!
With dazzled vision thou thy course art threading
'Mid tangled paths that have no goal of rest!

Beware the phantom thou art now pursuing
With the wild energy of baffled will!
Beware the spirit thou art now imbuing
With giant strength to lead thee captive still!

Pause for a moment. List the gentle pleading
Of the undying monitor within;
Though thou art now its angel voice unheeding,
It strives to win thee from the verge of sin!

Pause thou again—if yet the power remaineth—
And drive the phantom from thy path away!
Rekindle in thy breast the spark that waneth,
And, fed with care, 't will burn to perfect day.

*



Live on thou surely must ; thy life
Is far too spiritual for the strife
Of mortal pain, nor could disease
Find heart to prey on smiles like these.
Oh ! thou wilt be an angel bright !
To those thou lovest, a saving light !
The staff of age, the help sublime
Of erring youth, and stubborn prime ;
And when thou goest to heaven again,
Thy vanishing be like the strain
Of airy harp, so soft the tone
The ear scarce knows when it is gone !
Thrice blessed he ! whose stars design
His spirit pure to lean on thine ;
And watchful share, for days and years,
Thy sorrows, joys, sighs, smiles, and tears !





Would'st thou, my son, be wise and virtuous
deem'd,
By all mankind a prodigy esteemed ?
Be this thy rule—be what men prudent call ;
Prudence, almighty Prudence, gives thee all.
Keep up appearances, there lies the test,
The world will give thee credit for the rest.
Outward be fair, however foul within :
Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.
This maxim 's into common favor grown—
Vice is no longer vice, unless 't is known.
Virtue indeed may barefaced take the field,
But vice is virtue when 't is well concealed.
Stay out all night, but take especial care
That Prudence bring thee back o' early prayer :
As one with watching and with study faint,
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a saint.





A little cot embosomed by the trees,
Fanned by the summer's most delicious breeze,
The lowly porch o'erhung with fruitful vines,
Through which the setting sun serenely shines,
With meadow-lands outstretching far and wide,
Through which the murmuring streamlets
slowly glide,

The lowing kine which come at close of day,
The milkmaid's welcome richly to repay,—
Such is the home the sibyl paints for thee,
From empty fame, from care and envy free.
When eve her starry glory shall disclose,
And bathe with dew the pale and drooping rose,
The nightingale shall tune her plaintive lay,
The "whip-poor-will" shall lure thy feet to stray
Among the solemn woods, while softly fall
The silvery moon-beams, lending light to all :
And there, 'mid nature's prodigal display,
Thy life shall glide contentedly away.

*



Thine eyes are fixed upon a star,
Which long hath been thy guide
To the bright goal which lies afar
On life's tempestuous tide.

Ambition is that star, proud heart!
And 'neath its dazzling ray,
The choicest flowers of beauty start
Along the rugged way.

So do they seem to thee, as now
Their fragrant leaves unfold,
While beauty's hand bedecks thy brow,
So passionless and cold.

Love thou wilt tread beneath thy feet
And all its sweets resign,
So thou mayst claim a lofty seat,
And with the proudest shine.

And thou shalt have thine earnest prayer,
And tread the dizzy height,
And breathe in its expanded air
With proud and stern delight.

*

Oh ! many a cloud
Hath lift its wing,
And many a leaf
Hath clad the spring,
But there shall be thrice
The leaf and cloud,
And thrice shall the world
Have worn her shroud,
Ere there 's any like thee,
But where thou wilt be.

Oh ! many a storm
Hath drench'd the sun,
And many a stream
To sea hath run ;
But there shall be thrice
The storm and stream
Ere there 's any like thee,
But in angel's dream ;
Or in look, or in love,
But in Heaven above.



Every day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care,
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.

Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove ;
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

Patiently enduring ever,
Let thy spirit be
Bound, by links that cannot sever,
To humanity.

Labor ! wait ! thy Master perish'd
Ere his task was done :
Count not lost thy fleeting moments,
Life hath but begun.





Tell me what thou wishest most—
Gold from Afric's distant coast ?
Diamonds from Golconda's mine,
In thy waving hair to shine ?
Spices from the balmy East ?
Wealth to spread a queenly feast ?
These are granted to thy prayer,
With that heavy load of care,
Which shall make thee blush to own
Thou hast asked for these alone !
With the proudest thou wilt shine,
Bending to no will but thine.
Oft, beneath a golden vest
Beats a wretched, sinful breast ;
And thy heart shall own at last
That thy brightest days were past,
When, beneath the " sunset-tree,"
With thy maiden heart of glee,
Thou didst dance away the hours,
Crowned with Flora's simplest flowers !

*



Afar where the western waters gleam
 Shall be thy home ;
There shalt thou wake from thy childhood's
 dream
 No more to roam.

The world shall pass from thy sight away,
 And the kindly tone
That used o'er thy spirit's harp to play,
 Shall afar have flown.

Thou shalt gaze at morn from thy sunny cot
 On a wild rich scene ;
Thou wilt remember a sunnier spot
 Whereon to glean.

And thus wilt thou linger till manhood's noon
 With a weary soul ;
The sun shall rise and the gentle moon
 O'er thy bed will roll ;

But thou shalt awake no more on earth
 From sorrow free,
The flowers of Spring will renew their birth
 But not for thee !

*

In *thee*, the queenly rose and star of even
Blend all their brightness, fragrancy and
power.

Thou, in thy varied gifts from earth and heaven,
Hast all the beauty of the star and flower.

And thus thou wert created, radiant one !
Thy soul, God's masterpiece—the Powers
above

Made thee in form more glorious than the sun,
And nature gave the kindling spark of love.

Upon thy brow the snow-flake found a home
Pure as itself, and even more chastely fair ;
Morn came and looked upon thy cheek's rich
bloom,
Melting to white, and died of envy there.

His pearls old Ocean brought to form thy teeth ;
His coral for thy lips ; and Earth bestowed
Her south wind from the spice isles for thy
breath,
That forth in tones of melting sweetness
flowed.



A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem ;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky ;
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face ;
Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain ;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head ;
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy gloom with light divine



I see the orange flower and silvery veil,
And blooming girls arrayed in spotless white,
And thee before the altar still and pale,
And thine eye beaming with a holy light.

Thy queenly bearing 'mid that sylph-like band,
Who rival, not eclipse, thine airy grace,
Bids the cold-hearted with a prayer to stand,
And mark the fluttering rose-leaf in thy face.

A radiant moon with all her starry train,
Floats o'er the sea of my far-stretching
thought,
As thus attended by a pageant vain,
Thou tak'st the vow with bliss or woe in-
wrought.

Though bright the bridal hour, thy life shall be
A fitting sequel brilliant to the close.
Coldness, suspicion, pride thy path shall flee—
Thy heart an ever-opening, fadeless rose.

*



The world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks ;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts ;
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit :
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful
brain,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to
day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavor of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.



The star-queen, seeking an immortal home,
More beautiful than aught above the skies ;
In orbs where intellect of angels shone,
Seated her living glory in thine eyes.

All this and more, divinest one, art thou—
Thy silken tresses float upon the air,
And wanton o'er the marble of thy brow,
As 't were Elysium to be prisoners there.

Thy neck is white as thine own purity ;
Thy queenly figure, faultless in its grace ;
Naught but thyself can be compared to thee,
To tell the heavenly wonders of thy face.

Long live thy beauty—and when time must be,
That from yon skies thy starry soul shall
beam,
May still the living memory of thee
O'er every generous spirit reign supreme.

With the bright morning sun begin thy task,—
The *Florist* oft must feel the heavy dew,—
Rearing the pale young blossoms till they bask
Beneath the sun, each in its own fair hue !

What brighter lot than with the flowers to
breathe

The Spring's and Summer's warm reviving
air !

And when thy toil is done light garlands wreath
To mingle with the maidens' glossy hair !

Each rare exotic from the burning zone,
Or from the distant islands of the sea,
Shall mingle fragrant blossoms with our own,
Repaying all thy care by blessing thee !

And thou wilt love the flowers ! The poets say
They are the alphabet which angels read !
Perchance some lessons to thy heart may stray,
Oh, guard them for thy coming hour of need.

*



Sweet tints the blushing rose adorn,
And sweet the rays of morning shine;
Sweet are the sounds by zephyrs borne,
But sweeter charms, my fair, are thine.

The rose shall droop, its charms shall fade,
Clouds shall obscure the brightest day;
Music shall cease to bless the shade,
And even *thy beauties* must decay :

But the bright flame that warms thy breast,
Beams from those eyes, and tunes that tongue,
Virtue—shall ever shine confess'd,
And ever claim the noblest song.





Zounds, sir, then I'll tell you, without any jest,
The thing of all things which I hate and detest;

A coxcomb, a fop,

A dainty milk-sop;

Who, essenc'd and dizen'd from bottom to top,

Looks just like a doll for a milliner's shop.

A thing full of prate,

And pride and conceit;

All fashion, no weight;

Who shrugs and takes snuff,

And carries a muff;

A minakin

Finicking,

French powder-puff!

And now, sir, I fancy, I've told you enough.



Enjoy the present—for the future lieth
In misty distance shrouded from thy sight.
The sibyl's eye a heavy cloud descrieth
Of ebon hue, but edged with golden light.

That cloud shall pour upon thee floods of sorrow ;
Its fountains wasted, thou again shalt rise ;
While the pure light an added ray shall borrow
From the soft beaming of affection's skies.

And here and there thy future pathway strew-
ing,
The weeds have choked the flowers which
faded lie.

In place of summer airs serenely blowing,
Oft-times the spirit of the storm goes by.

Move calmly, though a muffled drum is beating
Funereal notes while dust in dust is laid.
Partings are sad, but oh, how sweet the meeting,
Where sorrow, pain and partings ne'er invade.

*



Sir, you have been in high condition,
A right respectable Physician ;
And passed with men of shrewd discerning,
For wight of most prodigious learning.

In all disorders you 're so clever,
From toothe-ache up to yellow-fever ;
That you by learned men are reckon'd
Don Esculapius the second !

Minute examiner of Nature,
And most sagacious operator,
You can discern, prescribe, apply,
And cure disease in louse's eye.





The strife of love, with pride shall wring
Thy youthful bosom's tenderest string ;
And the cup of sorrow, mingled for thee
Shall be drained to the dregs in agony.
Yes, maiden, yes, I read in thine eye,
A dark and a doubtful prophecy.
Thou shalt love, and that love shall be thy curse ;
Thou wilt need no heavier, thou shalt feel no
worse.

I see the cloud and the tempest near ;
The voice of the troubled tide I hear ;
The torrent of sorrow, the sea of strife,
The rushing waves of a wretched life ;
Thy bosom's bark on the surge I see,
And, maiden, thy loved one is there with thee.
Not a star in the heavens, not a light on the
wave !

Maiden, I 've gazed on thine early grave.





A bachelor's life in a cold, dark room,
Where never a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
Where never a smiling face appears,
To soothe thy sorrow or dry thy tears ;
Thou hast chosen thy lot, and a stern decree
Hath written that thus shall thy future be,
The young and the loving shall shun thy way,
For who can now worship idols of clay ?
Thou scornest the treasure which yet shall be
More precious than countless gems to thee !
In sickness shall never a gentle friend
Over thy pillow in anguish bend ;
To live unloving, unloved,—and die
Without the meed of a tear or sigh ;
To sleep in a lone, neglected spot,—
How art thou pleased with thy future lot ?

*



Thou 'rt passing from the lake's green side,
And the hunter's hearth away ;
For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride,
Daughter ! thou canst not stay.

Thou 'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,
Where the skies are ever clear :
The corn-month's golden hours will come,
But they shall not find thee here.

And we shall miss thy voice, sweet bird !
Under our whispering pine ;
Music shall 'midst the leaves be heard,
But not a song like thine.

The shadow from thy brow shall melt,
The sorrow from thy strain,
But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt,
Our heart shall thirst in vain.

A senator—a senator—it hath a lofty sound,
And should belong to noble men wherever it is
found ;
And when the title thou dost bear, oh keep thine
honor bright,
That all thy deeds may safely bear the search-
ing eye of light.

Thou wilt at first forbear to act, where older
reapers stand,
Nor venture to oppose thy voice to strong op-
pression's hand,
But with the wish will come the strength to do
and bear alone,
If in thy heart the still, small voice breathes its
approving tone.

The path lies open to thy feet, a path beset with
cares,
In which the flowers of envy spring to taint the
balmy airs ;
Gird on thine armor ; thou wilt need the helmet,
sword and shield,
The soldier's patience on the march, his valor
in the field.

*

The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine ;
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom, pleasure's shrine ;
And thine the sunbeam given
To nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
The death-dirge of the gay,
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away ;
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not—though lonely
Thy evening home may be,
Though beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea ;
Though time thy bloom is stealing,
There 's still beyond his art
The wild flower wreath of feeling,
The sunbeam of the heart.

Now, don't be pouting because some droll people
Will have the reckless hardihood to say,
Your wife reminds them of a tall church steeple,
That, finding it had feet, has walked away.

'T is true that you are short, of that what mat-
ter ?

Short men have very high ideas at times ;
You 're apt to keep up an incessant clatter,
No matter what the subject—death or dimes.

'T is sometimes said that in the smallest cases,
Goods of the highest value can be found ;
Oh ! could your wife and you but change your
places,
This would be sense instead of empty sound.

A kiss will be a miracle of pleasure,
Unless she stoops or you on tip-toe rise ;
You 'll never get, dear sir, an ample measure,
Nor look on *even* terms into her eyes.

Ah, heedless girl! why thus disclose
What ne'er was meant for other ears?
Why thus destroy thine own repose
And dig the source of future tears?

Oh, thou wilt weep, imprudent maid,
While lurking envious foes will smile,
For all the follies thou hast said
Of those who spoke but to beguile.

Vain girl! thy ling'ring woes are nigh,
· If thou believ'st what striplings say;
Oh, from the deep temptation fly,
Nor fall the specious spoiler's prey.

Dost thou repeat, in childish boast,
The words man utters to deceive?
Thy peace, thy hope, thy all is lost,
If thou canst venture to believe.



Thou art the pink of fashion ; men admire
The color of your coat, and ape the cut
Of your fine glossy hair, and show desire
To copy even your affected strut.

The ladies smile and take your proffered arm
At ball or promenade—a handsome beau,
Whose soft, sweet nothings answer to a charm,
To fill the pauses when the hours move slow.

A fop, whose highest aim it is to dress
With taste most exquisite, that wondering
eyes
Your vain, unworthy triumph may confess,
While none esteem thee brave, or good, or
wise.

*



Maiden ! with the fair brown tresses
Shading o'er thy dreamy eye,
Floating on thy thoughtful forehead
Cloud wreaths of the sky,—

Youthful years and maiden beauty,
Joy with them should still abide—
Instinct take the place of Duty—
Love, not Reason, guide.

Deeper than the gilded surface
Hath thy wakeful vision seen,
Farther than the narrow present
Have thy journeyings been.

Thou hast 'midst Life's empty noises
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low mysterious voices
Of another clime.

I have small faith in thee. Thy careless tread
Is on the brink of fearful depths of woe ;
And yet thy foot falls lightly, with no dread
Of coming retribution's withering blow !

Thou tak'st a fiery serpent in thine hand,
And playest with the lightning of his rage,
Though it doth pierce thee! With a smile
most bland
Thou dost this rash, unequal warfare wage !

He who can trifle with so dread a foe,
Showeth the blindness of his mental eye !
Be more discreet than brave, if thou wouldst
know
The shield of strength before which dangers
fly.

God guide you through the darkened pass you
tread,
Illumined not by Heaven's directing ray !
The meteor light upon your pathway shed,
Gilds not the entrance to the narrow way !

*



Lady, gather the buds of Spring,
All dewy and bright, as they 're opening !
Treasure them up from the frost and blight,
For a lowering day and a starless night,
And they will be fresh in thy bosom still
When all without may be dark and chill.
Another will seek to be crowned by thee
Lord of thy heart and thy destiny !
Thou may'st bestow, in thy riper years,
Laurels to water with daily tears,
Then will memory love to come
Through mist and shade, to thine early home,
Within the halo that brightly beams
Around the scene of thine infant dreams.
Lady, Time is a fleeting day,
The brighter its scenes, the sooner away !
Look to the mansion, and seek the crown
That shall not decay when the sun goes down !





“ Start not back with dazzled eye,
From the page which tells thy fate ;
Blest and brilliant, strange and high,
Soon shall be thy changed estate.”

Fame and wealth, and love await
In the future's kindling day ;
Grasp with fearless hand thy fate,
Tread with fearless step thy way.

Use thy potent sceptre well,
Stoop not from thy high renown,
Light and love around thee dwell,
Fate reserves no blasting frown.

*





Lady! each night of thine must be,
E'en as thy days, all good and fair,—
Days void of guile, nights void of care.
A single look of thine can tell
That in thy gentle bosom dwell
Such peace, such sweetness, and such grace,
As beam forth from that happy face.
That eye bespeaks a calm within,
As dove-like innocence serene.
No visitation rude comes there
Of fitful spleen, or carking care.
Oh, no! that look, that gentle smile,
Proclaim a bosom void of guile,
Not one o'erpassing cloud to shade
A heart, where Peace her home hath made.



Oh ! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
Where the marble shines out in the pillars
and walls ;

Though the roof be of gold, it is brilliantly cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted
halls.

But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love once awakened will never depart ;
Turn, turn to that breast, like the dove to its
nest,
And you 'll find there 's no home like a home
in the heart.

Oh ! link but one spirit that 's warmly sincere,
That will heighten your pleasure and solace
your care ;

Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the
just,
And be sure that the world holds no treasure
so fair.

Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our
lot,
The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may
start,

But a star never dim sheds a halo for him
Who can turn for repose to a home in the
heart.



Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the
green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labor up the hill of heavenly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,
And at their growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be
sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom, with his feast-
ful friends,
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin wise and
pure.



Hope on—the clouds that gather thick before thee,
Hide the glad light that led thy steps afar,
But beams there not, on night's dark heaven, o'er
thee,
Purely and brightly, gentle star on star ?

Hope on—though shadows shut out present gladness,
Not far beyond the sunlight lingers still—
Dim looks the valley, in its misty sadness,
Ere the bright day hath climbed the eastern hill.

There is a light, though secretly 't is playing
Round the dark edges of those clouds we fear :
Some missioned spirit, in our footsteps straying,
Whispering the words of comfort and of cheer.

Hope on, I pray thee—Hope on in thy sorrow—
Brush from thine eye the fastly falling tear ;
Thou know'st the night, though dark, must have a
morrow,
And after storms, the rainbow will appear.



Wilt thou rashly unveil the dark volume of fate?
It is open before thee, repentance is late;
Too late, for behold, o'er the dark page of woe,
Move the days of thy grief, yet unnumbered
below.

There is one whose sad destiny mingles with
thine,

He was formed to be happy—he dared to repine;
And jealousy mixed in his bright cup of bliss,
And the page of his fate grew still darker than
this:

He gazed on thee, maiden, he met thee, and
passed;

But better for thee had the Sirec's fell blast
Swept by thee and wasted and faded thee there,
So youthful, so happy, so thoughtless, so fair.



'T is thine from senseless marble to evolve
Shapes almost heavenly in their airy grace ;
To throne on lofty brows the stern resolve—
To catch the angel smile on beauty's face,
And render these immortal by the skill
That bends the stubborn marble to thy will.

High 'mong the mighty thou at last shalt stand,
Great with the greatest in thy wondrous art ;
Forget not as a little child to stand
Beloved by all the true and pure of heart :
And though Fame greet thee with her trumpet
tone,
Prefer the praise of one fond heart alone.

Long, weary days must genius toil unknown,
And watch through lengthened nights with
restless thought ;
And shed the burning tear before the throne
Of Him who its weak vessel hath o'erfraught ;
Then, with its robe of strength, resume its dower,
And unappalled exert its arm of power.

*

Thou hast braided thy dark flowing hair,
And wreathed it with rosebuds and pearls ;
But dearer, neglected thy sweet tresses are,
Soft falling in natural curls.

Thou delightest the cold world's gaze,
When crown'd with the flower and the gem,
But thy lover's smile should be dearer praise
Than the incense thou prizest from them.

The bloom on thy young cheek is bright
With triumph enjoyed too well,
Yet less dear than when soft as the moonbeam's
light,
Or the tinge of a hyacinth bell.

And gay is the playful tone,
As to flattery's voice thou respondest :
But what is the praise of the cold and unknown
To the tender blame of the fondest ?



Yet, press on !

For it shall make you mighty among men ;
And from the eyrie of your eagle thought
Ye shall look down on monarchs. Oh ! press
on !

For the high ones and powerful shall come
To do you reverence ; and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your soul,
And read it like a talisman of love.

Press on ! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought ;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And, in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven.
Press on ! for in the grave there is no work,
And no device. Press on ! while yet ye may.





I weep while gazing on thy modest face
Thou pictured history of woman's love,
Joy spread her beaming pinions on thy cheek
Shaming its whiteness, and thine eyes are full
Of conscious beauty while they undulate.
Yet all thy beauty—all thy gentleness
Serves but to light thy ruin. Is there not,
Kind Heaven! some secret talisman of hearts
Whereby to find a resting-place for love?
Unhappy maiden! let thy history teach
The beautiful and young, that when their path
Softens with roses, danger may be there;
That love may watch the bubbles of the stream,
But never trust his image on the wave!



Yes, thou shalt be illustrious on the scroll,
Where the great artists of the olden time
Have traced their names to live while time shall
roll,
Remembered, honored, through each distant
clime.

Thou toilest secretly, uncheered by fame,
Hoping, where others would embrace despair,
Seeking to win that costly prize—a name,
While fades thy cheek beneath the touch of
care.

Toil on! the prize is worthy to receive
Youth, health and fortune on its lofty shrine.
Oh! wilt thou not the sibyl's word believe,
And trace thy future lot in every line?

Bathed in the light of genius, shall arise,
Beneath the touches of thy skilful hand,
The ruined temple and Italian skies,
And the rich scenery of thine own fair land.

*



Fairest, mourn not for thy charms,
Circled by no lover's arms ;
While inferior belles, you see,
Pick up husband's merrily.
Sparrows, when they choose to pair,
Meet their matches anywhere ;
But the Phœnix, sadly great,
Cannot find an equal mate.
Earth, though dark, enjoys the honor
Of a moon to wait upon her ;
Venus, though divinely bright,
Cannot boast a satellite.





This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas :
And utters it again when God doth please ;
He is wit's pedler ; and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs ;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve :
He can carve too, and lisp : why, this is he
That kissed away his hand in courtesy :
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honorable terms ; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly ; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can ; the ladies call him sweet ;
The stairs as he treads on them, kiss his feet ;
This is the flower that smiles on every one.
To show his teeth as white as whales' bone.





Thy brow may beam in glory awhile ;
Thy cheek may bloom, and thy lip may smile ;
Thy full dark eye may brightly beam
In life's gay morn, in hope's young dream ;
But clouds shall darken that brow of snow,
And sorrow blight thy bosom's glow.
I know by thy spirit so haughty and high,
I know by that brightly-flashing eye,
That, maiden, there 's that within thy breast,
Which hath marked thee out for a soul unblest.



A physician, a quack, who hath not learned his
trade,

Yet wishes to pass for a sober M. D.

Whom wise men will shun, of his new schemes
afraid,

Such, such, my young friend, you are destined
to be.

Yet fear not, for people are plenty you know,
Who love to be dosed, and will pay you for
killing;

Just put on a long knowing face, for a show,
And dash out in style, though you 're not
worth a shilling.

Learn a few *Latin* words, do not fail to remem-
ber,

Then purchase a lancet and hang out a sign,
Be as cold and as stiff as a twig in December—
Never fear, my good friend, you are destined
to shine.

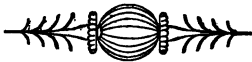
*



Men gaze on beauty for a while,
Allured by artificial smile ;
But Love shall never twang his dart
From any string that 's formed by art.

* * * * *

Be thine to live, and never know
Sweet sympathy in joy or woe ;
To see Time rob thee, one by one,
Of every charm thou e'er hast known ;
To see the moth, that round thee came,
Flit to some newer, brighter flame,
And never know thy destined fate,
Till to retrieve it is too late.



*



You, sir, are learn'd ; in volumes, deep you sit ;
In wisdom, shallow : pompous ignorance !
Would you be still more learned than the
learn'd ?

Learn well to know how much need not be
known,
And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your
sense.

Our needful knowledge like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field :
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of *Nature* and *Experience*, moral truth ;
And dive in *science* for distinguish'd names,
Dishonest fomentation of your pride !
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords
Light, but not heat.



Maiden ! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run !

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart,
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

Thy place is by God's altar, there to stand
And break the bread of life to erring man,
To bear the ark with reverential hand,
And learn with meek distrust thyself to scan ;
To soothe the mourner, and the sinner win
From the dark pathway of his darker sin.

Beside the dying couch to bend in prayer,
And on its pinions bear the soul away ;
To whisper hope and solace to despair,
And teach the all unwonted lip to pray ;
To gird thyself a soldier of the cross
Counting no earthly sacrifice a loss,—

This is the path thy wayward feet must tread,
Whether it lead thee o'er the flowery lawn,
Or by the dusty wayside. Raise thy head,
And greet the coming of a glorious dawn,
Whose earliest light shall greet thee in thy
youth,
And lead thee onward to the fount of truth.

*



Maiden, in thy life's fair morning,
With an eye of deepest blue,
And a glimpse of Eden dawning
In the future of thy view ;
Often by the lattice dreaming
As the twilight dies away,
And the stars are faintly gleaming,
In thy chamber watch and pray.

Beauty with her light has crowned thee ;
Pleasure comes to wreath the hours ;
Thorns are on the roses round thee ;
Danger lurks among the flowers.
Watch thy heart ; its wishes fashion,
And its bounding hopes control ;
Pray that no unhallowed passion
Soil the ermine of thy soul.





Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him : rise and bow :
And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave.
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality, no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmorial calmness. Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
Strong to consume small troubles ; to com-
mend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts
lasting to the end.



Listen, fair maid, my song shall tell
How Love may still be known full well,
 His looks the traitor prove ;
Dost thou not see that absent smile,
That fiery glance replete with guile ?
 Oh ! doubt not then—'t is Love.

When varying still the sly disguise,
Child of caprice, he laughs and cries,
 Or with complaint would move :
To-day is bold, to-morrow shy,
Changing each hour he knows not why.
 Oh ! doubt not then—'t is Love.

He comes—without the bow and dart,
That spare not e'en the purest heart ;
 His looks the traitor prove :
That glance is fire, that mien is guile,
Deceit is lurking in that smile ;
 Oh ! trust him not—'t is Love !

Sorrow is wreathing for thy fair, young brow
A crown of mournful flowers !
In the blue sky above, are gathering now
Clouds fraught with heavy showers,
That shall make desolate thy pleasant way,
And turn to night the brightness of thy day.

Friends that have sheltered thee when danger
threw
Her threat'ning shadow near,
Shall have departed from thy longing view
To sleep nor waken here ;
And thou shalt listen for a friendly tone
To answer back the music of thine own.

But patiently endure ! There comes a day
When darkness shall have fled—
When noon-day light shall burst upon thy way,
And song and beauty shed
Their soothing charms to gladden every toil,
And gild the treasures time could not despoil.

*

Take heed, take heed, thou lovely maid,
Nor be by glittering ills betrayed ;
Thyself for money ! oh let no man know
The price of beauty fallen so low.
What dangers ought'st thou not to dread
When love, that 's blind, is by blind Fortune led ?

The foolish Indian, that sells
His precious gold for beads and bells,
Does a more wise and gainful traffic hold,
Than thou, who sell'st thyself for gold.
What gains in such a bargain are ?
He 'll in thy mines dig better treasures far.

Can gold, alas ! with thee compare ?
The sun that makes it, 's not so fair ;
The sun which can nor make nor ever see
A thing so beautiful as thee,
In all the journeys he does pass,
Though the sea served him for a looking-glass.

Labor ! and the seed thou sowest,
Water with thy tears.
God is faithful, he will give thee
Answer to thy prayers.

Wait in hope ! though yet no verdure
Glad thy longing eyes.
Thou shalt see the ripened harvest
Garner'd in the skies

Labor ! wait ! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering,
Fill thy heart with fear—

Wait in hope ! the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

Thine are not brightly flashing eyes, but seem
a quiet well,
Where holy truth and grace serene, those loving
sisters dwell ;
And from their depths, a constant light, a gentle
radiance gleams—
In thy pure spirit may be found the fountain of
its beams.

And oh, within this casket fair, there is a pearl
of worth,
Like the dew-drop in the lily bell, as free from
taint of earth ;
There is a *soul* whose rays shine through, and
gild thy features fair
With a portion of that blessed light celestial
beings wear.

A mind thou hast of wondrous mould, most
delicately wrought,
Whose strings were never swept by aught but
high and holy thought ;
A mind whose pleasant fancies pass like
shadows over streams,
A soul forever tenanted by rainbow-colored
dreams.

Thou shalt become a merchant prince, and send
Thy ships to every port, and wealth shall fill
Thy spacious coffers, and the world shall lend
The treasures which its spicy groves distil,
And its rich jewels from the hidden mine,
Upon the most beloved brow to shine.

The sea shall yield to thee the costly pearl,
And the rich coral from its briny wave ;
In northern seas thy sailors shall unfurl
The starry banner while the cold winds rave ;
And the huge monsters that around them sweep
Shall bring their tribute from the restless deep.

The hunter with the trophies of the chase,
The sportsman with the waving plume of
snow,
And the rich vesture of the songster race,
The fisher with his spoils, shall all bestow
A portion of that golden circlet fair,
Which shall be blended with thy raven hair.

*

Never mind how the pedagogue proses ;
You want not antiquity's stamp,
The lip that 's so scented with roses
Oh ! never must smell of the lamp.

But for *you* to be buried in books—
Oh ! lady ! they 're pitiful sages,
Who could not in *one* of your looks
Read more than a million of pages !

Astronomy finds in your eye
Better light than she studies above,
And music must borrow your sigh
As the melody dearest to love.

Thus you see what a brilliant alliance
Of art is assembled in you—
A course of more exquisite science
Man never need wish to go through !



Dost thou aspire to greatness, or to wealth,
Quit books and the unprofitable search
Of wisdom there, and study human kind :
No science will avail thee without that ;
But, that obtain'd, thou need'st not any other.
This will instruct thee to conceal thy views,
And wear the face of probity and honor,
Till thou hast gained thy end ; which must be
ever

Thy own advantage, at that man's expense
Who shall be weak enough to think thee honest.
The world is all a scene of deep deceit,
And he who deals with mankind on the square,
Is his own bubble and undoes himself.





Is not thy mind a gentle mind ?
Is not thy heart a heart refined ?
Hast thou not every blameless grace,
That man should love, or Heaven can trace ?
No, no, be happy—dry that tear—
Though some thy heart hath harbored near
May now repay its love with blame !
Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
Ungenerous man, be first to wound thee !
Though the whole world may freeze around thee.
Oh ! thou 'lt be like that lucid tear,
Which, bright, within the crystal's sphere
In liquid purity was found,
Though all had grown congealed around ;
Floating in frost, it mock'd the chill,
Was pure, was soft, was brilliant still.



Within earth's caverns dark and deep,
Through life's long toilsome day,
A miner's portion there to reap,
Where sunbeams never stray ;—

To know that far above thy head
The wild bird trills its song,
The flowers their meed of perfume shed,
The light clouds float along,—

The shrubs and trees, the mountain heights,
The perfumed air of Spring,
The rosy dawns, the starry nights,
Which poets love to sing,—

Are thine—and only in thy thought,
Thou toiler in the mine !
But where a human hand hath wrought
There burns a spark divine !

*

Ere time thy sunny tresses shall have faded,
Or dimmed the sparkling lustre of thine eye,
Ere yet the rose has fled which softly shaded
Thy rounded cheek, thy hopes shall ruined
lie.

For the rich drapery now thy form adorning,
A widow's weeds shall tell thy tale of woe,
Heart-stricken, lonely in thy life's fair morning,
Adown a shadowy vale thy feet shall go.

True to the love which first thy bosom cher-
ished,
Other true hearts shall woo thine own in vain ;
In the full strength of life *he* will have perished,
Who left thee to thy loneliness and pain.

'T is sweeter thus to weep the dear departed
Than mourn the blasted honor of a friend,
There is a solace for the weary-hearted—
There is a world where friendships never
end.

*



Take the gifts the gods intend thee ;
Grateful meet the proffer'd joy ;
Truth and honor shall attend ye ;
Charms, that ne'er can change or cloy.

Oh, the raptures of possessing,
Taking beauty to thy arms !
Oh, the joy, the lasting blessing,
When with virtue beauty charms !
Purer flames shall gently warm ye ;
Love and honor both shall charm thee.



A dashing widow, devotee of fashion,
And conversant with all the gossip out,
Laughing one moment, and the next in passion,
Because some quondam lover feigns to pout.

At balls and parties, concerts, plays and races,
The gayest robed, the lightest in the dance,
The merriest among all merry faces,
Few can withstand the witchery of thy glance.

Thy wit is like an April day, now beaming
With the glad sunshine, now made dark with
showers ;
Anon we see the forked lightning gleaming,
And then spring up the many painted flowers.

Such shalt thou be ere many years have left
thee ;
Trial, bereavement, cannot crush thy heart,
Death of thy chosen friend will have bereft thee,
But thou wilt be as gay as now thou art.

*

Thou hast an earnest and a thoughtful mind,
And lovest wisdom for its own sweet sake ;
In books a priceless treasure thou shalt find,
And to thy heart of hearts their lessons take.

Thou hast not eloquence to move the throng,
Nor genius to embalm thyself in art ;
Thou art not favored in the realm of song,
Nor wilt thou from life's beaten paths depart.

In home and home affections shalt thou live,
Respected for thy worth, and loved by all ;
Thou canst not dazzle ! 't will be thine to give
The rays that bless where'er they softly fall.

In love's fair circle by the winter's fire,
Around the social board, where friends shall
meet,
In home the centre of each meek desire,
In full content shall be thy soul replete.

*



Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd ;
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art ;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.



A simple country editor, the fates have set you down ;
As potent in your little realm as if you wore a crown ;
One of the great men of the day—your friends will
tell you so,

And you are bound to trust their words, believing all,
you know.

A goose quill, what an emblem apt, will rest behind
your ear,

A broad-brimmed hat and clothes to match, will con-
stitute your gear ;

And then what bursts of eloquence your ready hand
shall trace,

To fill upon your dusky sheet the most conspicuous
place.

What lists of deaths and marriages, what rumors
from afar

Of earthquakes, tempests, battle's rage, or new-dis-
covered star ;

What moving lists of accidents, some which no eye
e'er saw,

What mighty deeds in congress wrought, what
twistings of the law ;

These shall be canvassed o'er and o'er, the wonder
of the wise,

And next the parson thou shalt be the cynosure of
eyes ;

A wife and children to enhance the glory of thy
name,

And feeling thou *deserv'st*, at least, imperishable
fame ! 10



Lady! the friendly care which wakes to serve
you,
Has found you out a little peaceful refuge,
Far from the court and the tumultuous city.
Within an ancient forest's ample verge,
There stands a lonely but a healthful dwelling,
Built for convenience and the use of life :
Around it fallows, meads, and pastures fair,
A little garden and a limpid brook,
By nature's own contrivance seem'd dispos'd ;
No neighbors, but a few poor simple clowns,
Honest and true, with a well-meaning priest :
No faction, or domestic fury's rage,
Did e'er disturb the quiet of that place.
O lady! but I must not, can not, tell you,
How anxious I have been for all your dangers,
And how my heart rejoices at your safety.





The face quite frequently displays
An index of the mind,
Dame Nature has her various ways
To stamp on human-kind.

Purs'd brows denote the purse-proud man,
Intent on some new scheme ;
Clos'd eyes the politician,
Forever in a dream.

But features of ingenuous kind,
Which semblance bear of truth,
Display, methinks, in face and mind,
The portrait of this youth.



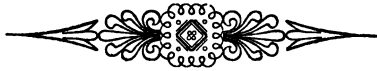
Sing on, sing on ! thy syren voice
Can bid the coldest heart rejoice !
Admiring throngs shall silent stand
To hear thy dulcet notes expand.

Beneath Italia's sunny skies,
Where Grecian ruins nobly rise,
Where hope lies dead on Egypt's plains,
Or Turkish glory boasts in chains,—

In merry France, on England's shore,
Braving the waves and tempest's roar,
Like a wild bird, upon the wing,
Yet pausing oft to sit and sing ;—

Such shalt thou be through coming years,
Thy smiles more frequent than thy tears.
A song for every joy in life,
A song for every word of strife.

*



“Thou art now in thy morning—and thy youth
Speaks in the leaping blood that rides thy pulse,
And plants its banner on thy cheek and brow.
Young light is in thine eye, and on thy heart ;
Thy days are but the dawns of new hopes,
And thy nights full of beauty ! But time—time,
That stern revolver of our warmest dreams,
Will mark thy life with passages of grief,
And deal thy portion to thee.”

“There is a gentle element, and man
May breathe it with a calm unruffled soul,
And drink its living waters, till his heart
Is pure,—and this is human happiness.”



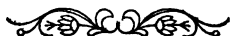
There must always be some who will serve
In a world that is fashioned like ours.
Do you say that you do not deserve
To be ranked as a weed among flowers ?

But the weeds have their uses you know,
And increase where the blossoms would die ;
And when falleth the mantle of snow,
Both alike on their chilly bed lie.

Thou wilt follow the wealthy and gay,
Obedient to come when they call.
'T will be hard at the first to obey,
But practice makes easy to all.

Thy destiny holdeth in store
A bright sequel that changes thy lot.
There 's a cottage, and near by the door,
Shines for thee the one star of the spot!

*



Hast thou broad, fair lands in a sunny clime
Where decay is not in the path of time ?
Is thy home so princely, thy hearth so dear,
Thy spirit hath all that it seeketh here ?
Does it teem with the sculptor's works of pride,
And thrill with the rushing of music's tide ?
And are these thy treasures ? Dost hope to bear
To the narrow tomb such a weight of care ?

Hast thou toiled for fame till the crown is won,
And now dost thou boast of an errand done ?
Hast thou sighed for beauty, and is it thine—
Is thy heart at rest on its fragile shrine ?
Hast thou courted love till it wove a chain
Thou wouldst gladly break, but thy strength is
vain ?

And are these thy treasures ? alas, for thee !
Thy bark is wrecked on a shoreless sea !

*



Lady, that form so slight and fair
Was, surely, never framed to bear
The season's change, the hand of pain,
And fell disease's racking train,
That must, from year to year, attend
Life's course, till life itself shall end.
That heart, so pure, so soft, so good,
That scarce as yet a pang withstood,
Was surely never meant to bear
Grief, sorrow, woe, deceit, despair
And all the mental ills, that rend
The human heart, till life shall end.
Some happy island far removed,
Whose groves of bliss an angel loved,
Where winter's gloom was never known,
Nor fell disease's hollow groan,
Where grief, deceit, despair and woe
Dare not their forms of horror show,
Lady, was placed thy destined lot—
But fate thy destiny forgot ;
Or, envious of thy blissful state,
Some fiend of earth, and earthly hate
Gave thee to pain and sorrow here—
Betrayed thee to this world of care.

Doth fame allure thee? Though her smile be winning,
ning,

'T is cold as dazzling in its meteor blaze!
Pause, for its upward way in hope beginning,
May end in light which warms not with its rays!

Do dreams of wealth within thy bosom glowing,
Cause thee a stranger's heritage to share!
A fearful price thou freely art bestowing,
For that which cannot purchase gifts more rare!

Thou hast surrendered friendship's kindly greeting,
Turned from thy mother's smile, thy father's eye;
The refuge of thy home, the social meeting,
Thou hast, unmindful of their worth, thrown by.

Return, O friend and brother! There are pleading
Within thy breast home voices low and sweet!
Resist them not, lest in the past receding,
They cease on earth thy listening ear to greet!

*

Lady fair, beware a stranger—
Know him by this token,
He hath been a heartless ranger,
Sacred vows are broken !

Gay her heart when first he met her,
Gay as yours is beating now,
False was he, but not Lucetta,
He alone has broke the vow !

Mark ye well when next you meet him—
How his looks are stern and proud ;
Say “ Lucetta ” ! when you greet him,
And those lofty looks are bowed.

Many days of gleesome mirth—
Long years of thoughtless joy ;
These thy portion are on earth,
Yet not without alloy.

To toil in the sweet, fresh air,
To hold the spade and plough,
To feel the breeze in thy waving hair,
The sunbeams on thy brow,—

To list in the early morn,
To the wild bird's note of glee,
To feast thine eye on the waving corn
That thrives and shines for thee,—

To watch the yellow grain
Grow ripe for the harvest hand,
To rejoice in the copious rain
Flooding the thirsty land,—

Such is thy lot on earth,
Happy and careless and free ;
Calm in thy grief, subdued in thy mirth,
Such shall thy portion be.

*



The rose on yon dark page is sear and decayed,
And thus e'en in youth shall thy fondest hopes
fade ;
'T is an emblem of thee, broken, withered, and
pale,
Nay, start not, and blanch not, though dark be
the tale ;
An hour-glass half-spent, and a tear-bedewed
token,
A heart, withered, wasted, and bleeding and
broken,
All these are the emblems of sorrow to be ;
I will veil the page, maiden, in pity to thee.



Man, among the wondrous few,
To life's higher purpose true,—
The pure faith within thy heart
Shall make others as thou art!
Truly, Poet, in thy youth,
Hast thou learned the unseen truth—
Stranger than a mystic scroll,
Secrets of the human soul!

Earth hath changed, and men are now,
Workmen, with another vow;
But the olden law of fame
Stands and lives, and is the same.
Hero-worship liveth still—
Men revere the sage's will—
Art is dear, but all above,
Is the Poet's fame and love!

Poet, of the purest pen!
Words of thine have moved stern men!
Half the glory of our land
Resteth now in thy right hand—
The old nations o'er the sea,
Shall revere us now, for thee!
Thou hast bought thyself a name—
Guard thyself, and guard thy fame!



What matter, lovely one, if envious tongue,
Steeped in the poison of malicious hate,
Impart new anguish to thy lonely fate,
And thy young heart with cruelty be stung ;
There is a sacred charm around thee flung,
A shield whose temper nothing can abate,
Which shall protect thy most defenceless state,
And keep thee evermore unharmed among
Life's secret snares and battles undisguised ;
For, by thy side walk Innocence and Truth,
The chosen guardians of thy spotless youth,
And more than gold or high distinction prized,
With genius gifted, and by Heaven sustained,
Go calmly on—thy triumph shall be gained !



Go, and through distant lands
Proclaim the message thou hast heard from God!
Where'er a sinful, suffering mortal stands,
Direct his spirit upward from the sod,
Until with angels, he a song shall raise
Unto the "Ancient of eternal days."

A herald of the cross,
Bearing the tidings of a Saviour slain,
Counting no earthly sacrifice a loss,
So that thou break one captive's galling chain;
This is thy destiny! The sibyl reads
Of fearful struggles and heroic deeds.

But steadfast by thy side,
With hand fast locked in thine, a tender friend,
A dearer self, thy firm and gentle bride,
Says, "where thou goest, there will I attend!"
Thou wilt return to die, but she will sleep
Serenely in a land beyond the deep.

*

One friend will own thy witchery—
Will bow the willing knee—
And lay his heart upon thy shrine,
As a meet gift for thee.

But vapors, shadowy and light,
Upon the summer sky,
Mar not the heavens on which they rest,
But rather beautify.

And *thus* 't will be with that strange cloud,
So full of mystery,
That throws its light and shade upon
Thy future destiny.

And in thy young and joyous heart
New feeling now will move,
A hope of joy, a fear of woe—
Lady! *that cloud* is Love!



Watch and pray ! the world deceiving
Spreads its snares around thy way ;
But its vain allurements leaving,
Teach thy heart to watch and pray !
Watch, that blindness and temptation
Never there may enter in,
Pray that He who brought salvation,
All thy thoughts may cleanse from sin.

Years of fame and fortune smiling,
To thy vision open wide,
Fame so hollow, so beguiling !
Peril lingers by thy side !
Watch, that selfish, cold ambition
Build no wall around thy heart ;
Pray that faithful to thy mission,
Good to all thou may'st impart.



A farmer's wife—a farmer's wife,
And who more blest than she,
If but contentment fill her life?—
'T were better so to be
Than sit a queen upon her throne,
With not one faithful heart her own!

A farmer's wife!—by break of day
To milk, to churn and spin,
To pass the summer hours away
And golden harvests win—
Far happier in her simple gear
Than she who wears a crown, I fear!

A farmer's wife—who sees the sun
First gild the teeming fields,
Who loveth, when her toil is done
Which plenteous bounty yields,
To see that glorious orb go down,
Would faint if burdened with a crown!

*

An appendage to the great,
Lingering in their train of state,
And contented so to be,
Rather than with toil be free.

One who fawns on titled fools,
One of their most pliant tools ;
Idleness hath been thy bane,
With its vile attendant train.

This will not forever last,—
Like a worthless plaything cast
From their pathway, they will scorn
Homage of thy folly born.

Pity scarce will pause to scan
One so little like a man ;
Who within the busy hive
Will not like his neighbors strive.

*

Turn to thy books, my gentle girl—
They will not dim thine eyes ;
That hair will all as richly curl,
That blush as sweetly rise.

Turn to thy friends—a smile as fond
On friendship's lip may be,
And breathing from a heart as warm
As love can offer thee.

Turn to thy *home* ! affection wreathes
Her dearest garland there ;
And, more than all, a *mother* breathes
For thee—for thee, her prayer.

Too soon—oh ! all too soon will come
In later years the spell,
Touching with changing hues thy path,
Where once but sunlight fell.



Thy future life—it is not worth the telling,
Spent amid trifles, toys, and petty cares ;
I know thy heart with vanity is swelling—

’T is only furnished with *inferior* wares.

If e’er thy hopeless creditors shall seize
The worthless thing, it would not pay the fees
Which the poor auctioneer requires of those

Who bring their time-worn trumpery to sell,
Glad of such rubbish cheaply to dispose.

Thus for thy heart—a stained and shallow
well !

And for thy head—what little wit by birth

Dame Nature gave you, still thou hast secure ;
Nor wisely gather from the teeming earth
One drop from any fountain deep and pure.

*



Thy heart is a garden, and in it there grows
The pride of creation, a beautiful rose ;
Thy tears are the dew-drops that water its
leaves ;
From thy sighs as from breezes, new strength
it receives ;
Its roots are struck deep, and its branches spread
wide,
And its blossoms are waving abroad in their
pride.

Thy spirit 's a nightingale hovering around,
And breathing forth love in soft murmuring
sound ;
'T is fluttering, 't is shrinking, 't is trembling
with fear,
For it dreads to alarm the young flowerets so
dear ;
To sip of such sweets it would change with the
bee,
For that rose, dearest maid, is the emblem of
Thee !

You are good looking ; but it matters little :
It only pleases ladies. To please yourself
Your face may be as ugly as the —. Well, well ;
But you must cultivate yourself ; it will pay you.
Study a dimple ; work hard at a smile ;
The things most delicate require most pains.
Practise the upward—now the sidelong glance—
Now the long passionate unwinking gaze,
Which beats itself at last, and sees air only.
Be restless, and distress yourself for her.
Take up her hand—press it, and pore on it—
Let it drop—snatch it again as though you had
Let slip so much of honor, or of Heaven.
Swear—vow by all means—never miss an oath :
If broken, why, it only spoils itself ;
It is a broken oath and not a whole one.
Frown—toss about—let her lips be for a time ;
But steal a kiss at last like fire from Heaven.
Weep if you can, and call the tears heat-drops.
Droop your head—sigh deep—play the fool in
short,
One hour, and she will play the fool forever.



Sad is thy fate, thou gifted one,—
Sorrow will early blot,
And dim the radiance of thy morn,
For thine is “woman’s lot.”

No heart will open to thy wrong,
No tongue thine anguish tell ;
While silently the soul of song,
Will from thy fountain well.

’T is thine to love, to weep, to pray,
And practise virtues kind ;
Then scarce remembered pass away,
As the “unlettered hind.”





Up! up! the blue empyrean lies before thee,
Its lights are thine and fields that spread afar!
Though clouds may for an instant hover o'er
thee,

Mount higher still and see thy guiding star!
Earth's rust may fasten on thy glowing pinions,
The canker worm of care and dull decay;
The god of light may shut from his dominions
The tardy soul that drags a chain away!
So be thou ready in the flush of morning,
To bathe thy pinions in the rosy light,
All earth-born phantoms in thy triumph scorn-
ing,

Which briefly dazzle, then are lost in night.
Up, lest the power to rise and shine may fail
thee,
And man's great heart and thine own tears
bewail thee!

*



Far from the home of thy young days,
Thy lot calls thee ;
Far from the looks of love that girdled round
Thy infancy.

Thou givest up thy unstained heart,
A priceless dower ;
Its treasures lavishing, as summer clouds
Their fulness pour.

* * * * *

Thy smile shall fill thy husband's home
With sunlike rays ;
And on that virgin brow shall light
The matron's grace.

The thought of duties well performed
Shall wing thine hours ;
And new affections in thy heart
Shall spring like flowers.

Now listless o'er time's sullen tide
Thy bark of life floats idly on :
Youth's incense-laden breeze has died,
And passion's fitful gusts are flown.

While sadly round her aimless course
Now lowering brood the mental skies,
The past but murmurs of remorse,
And dim the ocean future lies.

And must this be ? Thy soul, arouse !
See through the passing clouds of ill
How Fame's proud pharos brightly glows,
And gilds thy drooping pennant still.

Stretch to thine oar, yon beam thy guide—
Spread to ambition's freshening gale ;
Friendship and love are at thy side,
While glory's breathings swell thy sail.

If thou wouldst have thy charms enchant our
eyes

First win our hearts, for there thy empire lies :
Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne,
Her light divine is given by Love alone.

What would the rose with all her pride be
worth,

Were there no sun to call her brightness forth ?
Maidens, unloved, like flowers in darkness
thrown,

Wait but that light which comes from love
alone.

Fair as thy charms in yonder glass appear,
Trust not their bloom, they 'll fade from year
to year :

Wouldst thou they still should shine as first
they shone,
Go fix thy mirror in Love's eyes alone.

Beware, beware, the poisonous bowl !
There is destruction to thy soul
Within the crimson stream that lies
So temptingly beneath thine eyes.

It charmeth like the serpent's gaze,
But slayeth like the lightning's blaze ;
Oh ! pause upon the fearful brink
Before whose horrors thought must shrink !

And thou wilt pause nor yet be lost,
Though in the struggle tempest-tost ;
At length a victor, soiled and worn,
Thou shalt return to peace, new-born,

No heart beyond its strength doth know
Temptation's fearful barb of woe.
'T is yielding makes the hopeless slave,
And digs the thrice dishonored grave !

*

In thee, bright maid, though all the virtues shine
With rival beams, and every grace is thine,
Yet three distinguished by thy early voice,
Excite our praise, and well deserve thy choice.

Immortal Truth in Heaven itself displays
Her charms celestial born and purest rays ;
Which thence in streams like golden sunshine
flow,
And shed their light on minds like yours below.

Fair Honor next in beauty and in grace,
Shines in her turn and claims the second place ;
She fills the well-born soul with noble fires,
And generous thoughts and godlike aims in-
spires.

Then Honesty with native air succeeds ;
Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds ;
And just alike to friends and foes she draws
The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from
equal laws.

From Heaven this scale of virtue thus descends
By just degrees and thy full choice defends.

Oh! let not a wildering tongue
Weave bright webs o'er thine ear ;
Nor thy spirit be said nor sung
To the air of smile or tear.
And say it hath melody far
More than the spheres of Heaven,
Though to man and the morning star
They sang, Ye be forgiven!
Yet pass by beauty with looks above ;
Oh! seek never—share never—woman's love!

Oh! let not a soft bosom pour
Itself in thine! It is vain.
Love cheateth the heart, oh! be sure,
Worse even than wine the brain.
Then snatch up thy lip from the brim,
Nor drain its dreamlike death ;
For Love loves to lie down and dim
The bright soul with his breath.
Then pass by beauty with looks above ;
Oh! seek never—share never—woman's love!



As smiles with glory, soft but warm,
The morning 'mid the wreathing mist,
So through thy fair and graceful form
Thy spirit plays—as flowers resist,
Yet meekly bow before the blast
Their leaves, that but from lightness quiver,
And when the unwelcome wind has pass'd,
Look up again as bright as ever—
So meets thy brow the storm of fate,
Yet meekly seems to yield the while,
And so, wert thou left desolate,
Thou 'dst look to heaven with tender smile.





No genius lends its sacred fire
To animate thy song ;
To thee no heaven-presented lyre
Or muse-taught verse belong.

She who first charm'd thy soul to love,
Inspired the tuneful breath ;
With love-instructed hand you wove
For her the early wreath.

To her the softest strains you owe,
Who first inspired the flame ;
And sweetest shall the numbers flow,
Graced with the loved one's name.





Innocent maid, and snow-white flower,
Well are ye paired in your opening hour ;
Thus should the pure and lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

White as those leaves just blown apart,
Are the folds of thy own pure heart :
Guilty passion and cankering care
Never have left their traces there.

* * * * *

Throw it aside in thy weary hour ;
Throw to the ground the fair white flower ;
Yet as thy smiling years depart,
Keep that white and innocent heart.



Go! in the torrid zone,
 Beneath a burning sun,
Toil on, the choice is all thine own,
 Thy task is just begun!
Thy prayer was, that thy feet might tread
In every land where rests the dead!

Thy prayer is heard, advance!
 The desert lies before;
Send far and wide thy searching glance,
 There 's not a flower in store—
Not one green spot of dewy sod
To lead thy spirit up to God!

Chilled by the polar snows,
 Bornie on the ocean's breast
Where'er the broad Pacific flows,
 To find no earthly rest,
Yet patient every ill to bear—
Thus art thou answered in thy prayer!

*

Dear Child of Nature, let them rail !
There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbor and a hold,
Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shall see
Thy own delightful days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd-boy,
And treading among flowers of joy,
That at no season fade,
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shall show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee when gray hairs are nigh -
A melancholy slave ;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.



Affection speaks in thy deep blue eye,
As its restless glances rove,
The voice of glee comes ringing by—
Alas! for thy heart of love.

Ah! many a bright and airy dream
Hath over thy spirit past,
Like sunshine o'er a laughing stream,
Too beautiful to last.

The feelings, that now in thy bosom sleep
Will burst from their dreamy thrall ;
Alas! that love like a blight should creep
And wither those feelings all.





Lady, if hope's bright ray
Deceive thee with its beam,
If life's joys melt away
Like love's first witching dream,
If all earth's tender ties
Have from thy heart been riven,
Look up beyond the skies
To tenderer ties in Heaven.

If all the buds of earth,
That promised early bloom,
Have perished in their birth,
Like beauty in the tomb ;
If love hath seared thy heart,
A glorious hope is given,
Which soothes affliction's smart—
There 's purer love in heaven.



Since early boyhood thou hast loved to rear
The mimic temple and the palace fair,
Leaving thy childish sports intent to hear
Of ruined cities and their treasures rare,
Rejoicing, if before thine eager eyes,
Sketched by the artist, Grecian ruins rise.

And thou in silent wonder shalt behold
Those remnants of the past, and rest thy feet
Beside some lofty temple, reared of old,
When Rome with glory could maintain her
seat.

These are thy books, oh read with care intense,
And this will prove thy skill no vain pretence.

An architect whose labor is delight,
Whose mind with beauty's handiwork is
filled,
Who toils by day and meditates by night,
In whom all lesser waves of thought are
stilled,
Thus shalt thou be through coming years of
fame,
Graving on lofty piles thy prouder name.

*



Thou art not beautiful, yet thy young face
Makes up in sweetness what it lacks in grace ;
Thou art not beautiful, yet thy blue eyes
Steal o'er the heart like sunshine o'er the skies ;
Theirs is the mild and intellectual ray
That to the inmost spirit wins its way ;
Theirs are the beams, that full upon you roll,
Surprising all the senses and the soul ;
For O, when, pure as heaven's serenest skies,
Thy timid soul sits pleading in thine eyes,
The humid beams that 'neath thine eyelids steal
Can softly teach the coldest heart to feel ;
For Heaven, that gives to thee each mental grace,
Hath stamped the angel on thy sweet young
face.



Oh ! trifle not ! the tiny fly,
That rests upon a flower,
And bears the sunlight on its wings,
Perchance a summer hour,
May play amidst the fragrant things
That loveliest season hath,
And the shadow of its destiny
Will never cross its path.
Those wings were gilded only
For the fleeting earth—but thou—
With God's own radiant impress
On thy soul and on thy brow !
With thy spirit pinions trembling
For their blessed home above,
And thy thirst for something holier
Than the fount of human love,
Thou hast a hope, a trust within,
Too sacred, and too high,
To beat beneath a laughing lip,
A cold or careless eye.
The eye of truth is on thee,
With the diamond's lightning-power
To flash its own unclouded ray
Through sorrow's darkest hour.



Thy thoughts are heavenward ! and thy heart,
they say,
Which love, O ! more than mortal, failed to
move,

Now in its virgin casket melts away,
And owns the impress of a Saviour's love !
Many, in days gone by—full many a prayer,
Pure, though impassioned, has been breathed
for thee,

By one who once thy hallowed name did dare
Prefer with his to the Divinity.

Requite them now ! not with an earthly love !
But since with that his lot thou mayst not
bless—

Ask, what he dare not pray for from above—
For him the mercy of forgetfulness !





A scholar without learning's vain pretence,
A high-souled poet and a man of sense,
A wit who never wounds the humblest heart,
But brings his sweetest flowers to friendship's
mart,

A man of firm opinions, meekly told,
With childlike reverence for the good and old,
With all a martyr's courage to endure,
Yet weeping for the wrongs thou canst not cure,
Such hast thou been and art, while future days
Shall prove the poet's not unmeasured praise ;
The good will love thee for thy spotless life,
Potent—to soothe the fretting waves of strife.
Thy sands of life will sweetly glide away,
While old and young shall bless thy lengthened
stay.

*





A pretty rainbow sort of life enough,
Filled up with vanities and gay caprice ;
Such life is like the garden at Versailles,
Where all is artificial ; and the stream
Is held in marble basins, or sent up
Amid the fretted air in waterfalls
Fantastic, sparkling ; and the element,
The mighty element, a moment's toy ;
And like all toys, ephemeral.

Love is oft a fatal spell ;
 That sweetly soothes but to betray,—
Let not the soft enchantment will
 Your heart away.
A garland of the cypress tree,
 Or weeping willow wreath, may well
 Its emblem be.



Wherefore repine at fortune's frowns ?
Sorrow must be thy frequent guest ;
In every trial think of this,—
Whatever is, is for the best.

Despair not, though thou seldom find
From care a momentary rest,—
Press on in fullest faith and hope,
Remembering all is for the best.

When sad misfortunes fill thy path,
And dark forebodings haunt thy breast,
Be this thy beacon-light through all,—
Whatever is, is for the best.

Ay, trust in God, if thou would'st find
Beyond the grave eternal rest ;
For orders He not all aright ?
Whatever is, is for the best !



The star that gems life's morning sky
Smiles sweetly o'er thee now ;
And flowers around thy pathway lie,
And roses crown thy brow—
That shed their delicate perfume
'Mid ringlets trembling like a plume ;
While a deep witchery, soft and bright,
Is floating in those eyes of light.

Thy heart is like a sleeping lake,
Which takes the hue of cloud and sky,
And only feels its surface break
When birds of passage wander by,
Who dip their wings and upward soar,
And leave it quiet as before.





Be thou to every lofty end inclined,
And live as best becomes a noble mind.
Thy life hath been too shadowy in its aims,
And too regardless of the spirit's claims;
The vain chimeras of the passing hour
Too often have usurped the place of power,
And led thee as a little child along
The flowery paths of beauty and of song ;
Gird on thine armor for a manly fight
In the great cause of truth—the cause of right ;
Turn not away when dangers round thee press,
If with the *victory* come the *power* to bless !
Resolve to do, to bear, to suffer all
Rather than live in shame, or basely fall.

*





Elegance floats about thee like a dress,
Melting the airy motion of thy form
Into one swaying grace, and loveliness,
Like a rich tint that makes a picture warm,
Is lurking in the chestnut of thy tress ;
Enriching it, as moonlight after storm
Mingles dark shadows into gentleness.
A beauty, that bewilders like a spell,
Reigns in thine eye's clear hazel ; and thy brow,
So pure in veined transparency, doth tell
How spiritually beautiful art thou—
A temple, where angelic love might dwell.
Life in thy presence were a thing to keep,
Like a gay dreamer clinging to his sleep.



There is no flowery bed prepared for thee
Beneath soft, summer skies !
A toiling artizan of low degree
Thy coming fate implies.

A sinewy arm shall be thy mine of wealth,
Small though thy portion be.
But be contented while the dew of health
Rests gently upon thee.

Obscure the path henceforth thy feet must tread,
But there the light of love
Can shed its cheering halo round thy head,
Like sunlight from above.

And honor not alone in princely hall
A genial clime hath found ;
Take her within thy breast ; though nations fall,
Thy peace will yet abound.

*



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Creature of beauty ! in thy lonely heart
What dreams of pure celestial shape must
dwell ;

Dreams in which mortal image claims no part,
Bright dreams that words are all too cold to
tell.

But there 's a sadness in thy voice's tone,
Like low, soft music melting on the ear,
For thou self-doomed, sweet star, must shine
alone,

Meeting no kindred soul to hold thee dear ;
And while all other minds to earth are given,
Waking to grief or joy with each new day,
Thy spirit lives in holy thoughts of heaven,
And yearns to find its home where angels
stray.





O, even when the festive wreath
Is twined around thy brow,
And passion's tones are softly blent
With many a low breathed vow,
Though all unheeded as they fall,
Without an answering thrill,
The memory of one magic voice
Will vainly haunt thee still.

But though the heart be breaking, yet
The *world* shall never know
That gathered thoughts are garnered there
Of bitterness and woe.
'T is this has filled thy tones with mirth,
And lit the beaming eye ;
The semblance of a careless heart,
A bitter mockery !



Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he 's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he 's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer :
But being spent the worse and worst
Time shall succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry ;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

Thou cravest gold ! Well, take the meed
Fortune reserves for thee.
Thy coffers shall be filled indeed
With wealth's full flowing sea.

The world will call thee rich, and thou
Wilt count thy hidden store,
And to the gilded idol bow,
And humbly sue for more.

More thou shalt have ; but mark me well,
That sinful thirst of thine
Shall chain thee like an awful spell
Before gold's hollow shrine.

A life unblessed, a death unwept,
A miser's fate must be ;
This passion through thy heart hath crept,
This doom awaiteth thee !

*



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Thy peace will yet abound.

*

Lady, too fair! the sleepless mariner,
With anxious heart, scanneth the midnight
sky,
On one bright star alone, though hosts shine
near,
Fixing his eye.

For though the sea in cloud-high waves may
rise,
Though the storm raged, and felon winds rebel,
He knows that sweet star beameth in the skies
Unchangeable.

The seaman trusts, indeed, nor trusts in vain,
For constant are the bright-eyed hosts of
heaven;
While the swift changing of the fickle main
To beauty's given.

But thou! who in the pride of beauty brave,
Shinest brighter than the fairest star on high,
Take not *thy* pattern from the fickle wave,
But from the sky.

Thou shalt become a traveller. Afric's shore
Thy restless feet will hasten to explore.
Delighted still to roam, in southern seas
Thy spreading sail shall catch the changing
breeze.

O'er deserts stretching like an ocean wide,—
Where endless Winter stays the flowing tide,
Where through long summer days the sun looks
down

Upon the brightest gems in Flora's crown,
Where Rome once held her sceptre undismayed,
Where Egypt's Queen Rome's mighty warrior
swayed,—

Where the mysterious Nile pursues its way,
And sun and moon blasts their deadly gambols play;
And the eternal pyramids uprear
Their giant sides, that mock the rolling year,—
Where spicy breezes fill the haunted grove
In India's islands—there thy feet shall rove;
No spot unvisited—thy mind shall be
A store-house which a world hath filled for thee.

*



May time who sheds his blight on all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath.

As half in shade, and half in sun,
This world along its path advances,
Oh, may that side the sun's upon,
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances.





Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance and increasing.
Hourly joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessings on you.
Earth's increase and foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty ;
Vines with clust'ring bunches growing !
Plants with goodly burden bowing ;
Spring come to you at the farthest.
In the very end of harvest !
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.





Lady, if hope's bright ray
Deceive thee with its beam,
If life's joys melt away,
Like love's first witching dream ;
If all earth's tender ties
Have from thy heart been riven,
Look up beyond the skies—
To tenderer ties in heaven.

If all the buds of earth,
That promised early bloom,
Have perished in their birth,
Like beauty in the tomb ;
If love hath seared thy heart,
A glorious hope is given,
Which soothes affliction's smart—
There's purer love in heaven.



“ A life on the ocean wave !”
A home the wide world o'er !
A merry shout though the wild winds rave
And the threat'ning billows roar !

“ A life on the ocean wave !”
With a stately ship thy realm ;
With an eye as true and heart as brave
As guideth thy trusty helm.

“ A life on the ocean wave !”
When youth and health are thine ;
And at last a dark unquiet grave
In its green and glassy brine.

“ A life on the ocean wave !”
For this thou wilt turn away
From friends who fondly thy presence crave,
And who weep and watch and pray !

*



Trust ! trust ! sweet lady, trust !
'T is a shield of seven-fold steel,
Cares and sorrows come they must,
But sharper far is doubt to feel.
Trust ! trust ! sweet lady, trust !

Trust the lover, trust the friend—
Heed not what old rhymers tell,
Trust in God, and in the end,
Doubt not all will still be well.
Trust ! trust ! sweet lady, trust !





Ne'er be thy young and trusting heart deceived
By the cold world, or, won from its recess
Of home delight, where all might be believed,
Trust to a faithless one its happiness.

Oh! may the smile that brightens on thy dream
Still shed its daily sweetness on thy way,
And every tear that life may force to stream,
By one kind hand be ever wiped away,—
May thy glad vision realize its truth,
And peace await thy future. But shouldst
thou

Deserted live to veil a pallid brow,
And mourn the fading promise of thy youth,
Oh! then, beloved, think that one friend remains
Who still thy griefs will share, and weep o'er
all thy pains.



Thy path in life is fair,
Fair as the tint upon a noontide sky,
When nature's melody is there,
And beauty glows on high :
Fair as the flow'rets in their virgin bloom,
When not a spot upon their leaf appears,
To dim the lustre of their early noon,
Or blight the bud with tears.

Thy path in life is fair,
Fair as the form that blooms in smiling youth,
When no corroding care
Dare blight the eyes of truth :
Fair as the flowers that open to the spring,
Whose blush was crimsoned by the noontide
light,
Whose rosy bloom could feel no withering,
No chill or winter blight.

Thy path in life is fair,
Fair as a diamond sparkling in the night,
When not a cloud of gloom was there,
To shade the gem from light :
Fair as the star of life thy course must be,
Fair as the glorious orb that rules the day—
Fair as thy golden gates—eternity—
Must be her winter day.

A hunter free and bold,
Who follows the deer through the forest wide,
And traces the course of the rushing tide,
Where the Indian trod of old !

With a trusty dog and gun
Thou wilt track the bear to his dreary den,
And the panther slay in the wooded glen,
Where the sluggish streamlets run.

Through the long and solemn night
The green turf shall pillow thy weary head,
While upon thy hard and unsheltered bed
The stars shall shed their light.

Thy lullaby shall be
The howl of the wolf, and the Indian yell,
And the evening breezes that rise and swell
Like billows of the sea !

For these thou wilt leave thy home,
The maiden ye love and the friends so dear !
Yet go ! they may not detain you here—
Thy wish is still to roam.

*



When wit and genius tell of love
In passion-kindling eloquence,
Should o'er thy heart affections move,
O drive the sweet emotion thence;
For woman's hopes and woman's heart
Are never filled alone by these,
Beneath the glow such fires impart,
Look, maiden, for moralities.

If goodness, there with lofty thought,
In heavenly union do not dwell,
Turn from the words all passion-wrought,
And calm thy bosom's trembling swell.
Far better in some lonely cot
To dwell, from selfish passions free
Than share with these, a princely lot,
Or poet's immortality.





Lo ! on the mountain's brow
One point of gleaming light !
And thither climbest *thou*,
With eye and spirit bright.
Ay, thou at last shalt stand
In all that golden glow,
A sceptre shining in thy hand
To rule the world below.

Oh use that sceptre well !
Not as a spear to smite,
But like a wand of mighty spell
To serve the cause of Right !
If thou win Power, do good !
If Fame, deserve thy need !
If Wealth, oh, pour it like a flood
O'er all this world of need !



The world hath holy ministries, and thine the
blissful doom
To steal around the burdened heart and dissi-
pate the gloom.
A harp unseen of thousand strings dwells ever
in thy breast
And pours its floods of melody like warblings
of the blessed.

Sweet minstrel, when the light shall fade that
gilds thy pathway now,
And youth's first flowers shall withered lie upon
thy snowy brow,
May angel harpings whisper peace amid the
storms of life,
And like the oil of gladness calm the sweeping
tide of strife.

If e'er thy favored feet shall tread among celes-
tial bowers,
And ever to thy longing eyes shall bloom un-
fading flowers;
If ever burst the seraph song upon thy listening
ear,
Thou wilt repeat the thrilling tones which
charmed our spirits here.

*

(181)



Fame is the sun that lights thy rugged way,
And reconciles thee to a world unkind :
Though heavy clouds obscure the early ray,
Thou leavest shadows, clouds, and storms
behind,
Onward and upward hastening to the goal,
Which to a lofty height attracts thy feet ;
Press on, thou lofty and impassioned soul !
The toil is pleasure, thy reward complete.
Succeeding ages shall pronounce thy name
Bright with the dazzling hues of deathless
fame.

*





Aye, thou wert born beneath a lucky star,
Which sheds its splendor on a scene afar ;
In foreign lands, fair lady, thou wilt roam—
Beneath Italia's skies shall be thy home.
A princely retinue in palace hall,
Arabia's fleetest coursers in thy stall,
Gardens, where rarest flowers profusely bloom
And fill the ambient air with sweet perfume,
Where birds with gayest plumage wake the
dawn,
With music flooding forest, stream, and lawn,
Where fountains sparkle 'neath a cloudless sky
And sing at eve a gentle lullaby,
Where graceful fawns on flowery banks repose,
Where Nature charms away thy secret woes,
There is thy home ; dost like it, lady fair ?
Then take the hand which shall conduct thee
there.

*



The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam ;
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home :—

And there, like a star through the midnight
cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright ;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame—'t will gild the name
But the heart ne'er felt its ray ;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams would be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come !
But, my son, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

Love the Poet, pretty one !
He unfoldeth knowledge fair—
Lessons of the earth and sun,
And of azure air.

He can teach thee how to reap
Music from the golden lyre :
He can show thee how to steep
All thy thoughts in fire.

Heed not, though at times he seem
Dark and still, and cold as clay,
He is shadowed by his dream !
But 't will pass away.

Then bright fancies will he weave,
Caught from air and heaven above :
Some will teach thee how to grieve ;
Others how—to love !

How from sweet to sweet to rove—
How all evil things to shun ;
Should I not then whisper "Love—"
Love *the poet*, pretty one."

Lo! the trump of fame attends thee,
Lift thy banner high !
Lo! the God of war defends thee,
And thou wilt not die.

Thou, a righteous cause defending,
Shalt not faint or tire ;
On thine arm of strength depending,
Nations shall aspire.

Thou shalt wear a crown of glory,
Such as war can give ;
Ere thy brow with age is hoary
Thou shalt cease to live.

But above thy dust shall tower
Monumental pride,
While the story of thy power
Swells ambition's tide.

*

Thou hast beauty, wealth, and power,—
What wouldst thou of fairy lore ?
Seek to know thy future hour ?—
What its moments have in store ?

Let me tell thee, love is wreathing
Buds and blossoms for thy hair,
And her richest strain is breathing
With a winning, gentle care.

In the gay parterre of fashion,
With the butterflies of life,
Thou wilt feel no stormy passion,
Thou wilt hear no sound of strife.

Calmly moving, thou wilt never
Share life's greatest good or ill.
Should thy fate love's tendrils sever,
Thou wouldst be contented still.

*

Thou ne'er didst love !

'T is writ in the smooth margin of thy brow,
And in the steady lustre of thine eye.
Thy blood did never riot in thy veins
With the distempered, hurried course of love ;
Thy heart did never shake thy shuddering frame
With the thick, startled, throbbing pulse of love ;
Thou hast ne'er wept love's bitter, burning
tears,
Hoped with love's wild, unutterable hope,
Nor drowned in love's dark, fathomless despair.
Thine is a steadfast and a fixed nature,
'Gainst which the tide of passion and desire
Breaks harmless as the water o'er the rock ;
And the rich light of beauty shines alone
On thy soul's surface, leaving all beneath it
Unmoved and cold as subterranean springs.
Love has no power o'er spirits such as thine,
Nor comes it nigh to them.

A life of single blessedness the world bestows on thee,
But do not therefore hang thy head, or hush thy girlish glee ;
Thou canst not pass unloved along life's dull and rugged way—
The flowers the earliest plucked, we know, are soonest to decay.
Yes, with a heart as true and warm as ever beat on earth,
With eyes that flash in ecstasy, and voice of guileless mirth,
With all that makes life's happiness within that heart of thine,
No manly voice shall greet thy ear and ask " Wilt thou be mine ?"
There are too many founts of joy in this wide world of ours,
For thee to covet *all* the springs that flow through vernal bowers ;
What are denied thou wilt resign nor mourn the prize withheld,—
And trust me, passing few are clouds that may not be dispelled !
Move on, still loving and beloved, a star that shines for all,
Shedding its brightest, softest beam wherever clouds appal.
Meekly sufficient to thyself in days of good or ill,
A hero in the war of life, but a meek woman still. *

Go,—take the wings of morn,
And fly beyond the utmost sea :
Thou wilt not feel thyself forlorn,—
Thy God is still with thee ;
And where his spirit bids thee dwell,
There, and there only, thou art well.

Launch boldly on the surge,
And in a light and fragile bark,
Thy path through floods and tempests urge,
Like Noah within the ark ;
Then tread, like him, a new world's shore,
Thine altar build, and God adore.

Amidst that dawn from far,
Be thine expected presence shown,
Rise on them, like the morning star,
In glory—not thine own ;
And tell them, while they hail the sight,
Who turned thy darkness into light !

The world shall dazzle for a little while,
And spread its fragrant blossoms at thy feet,
Then shall its clouds enfold thee, and thy smile
Be hidden by the shades that round thee meet.

Thou wilt forsake ambition's noisy crowd,
That cannot read thine ardent soul aright,
And with thy graceful head in sorrow bowed,
Withdraw and seek oblivion's rayless night.

Within the convent's still, sepulchral gloom,
The glory of thy years shall pass away ;
Yes, early shalt thou woo the bitter doom,
To hide the grief that darkens o'er thy day.

Thy sorrows thou may'st hide—they cannot die !
Yet, sheltered from the world's unpitying
blast,
Something like deep tranquillity may lie
Within the spirit by dark clouds o'ercast.

*

There is a bright ideal world
 Upon thy vision now ;—
I read it in the deep-blue eye,
 And on the noble brow.

I would, I *would* it might not pass
 From out thy future years ;
But thou hast Genius' soaring hopes,
 And thou must know its fears.

Too beautiful for earth—those dreams !
 They will not, cannot stay,
And, day by day, and year by year,
 Must bear their light away.

Yet courage still ! for higher things
 Are latent in thy soul,
And manhood yet shall see their power
 In sweeping grandeur roll.

Lady fair, lady fair,
Butterfly with gaudy wing,
Weave fresh garlands for thy hair,
Sit and sing !

Care shall never wake thee
From thy busy dream of bliss ;
Cupid his fair slave shall make thee,
With a kiss.

When his chain is round thee
Vain will be thy prayer for aid ;
Silken is the tie that binds thee,
Silly maid.

Struggling only tightens
Bonds that should be lightly worn,
Sweet submission gently lightens—
Hide thy scorn !

*

Yes, a day is coming to quell the tone
That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one !
And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,
Under the gloss of its clustering hair ;
And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes
Into the stillness of autumn skies ;
And to teach thee that grief hath her needful
part,
'Midst the hidden things of each human heart.

Yet shall we mourn, gentle one ! for this ?
Life hath enough of yet holier bliss !
Such be thy portion ! the bliss to look,
With a reverent spirit, through Nature's book,
By fount, by forest, by river's line,
To track the path of a love divine ;
To read its deep meanings—to see and hear
God in earth's garden—and not to fear.

No wild ambition, *now*, is thine—
No panting thirst for fame—
No high desire to win thyself
An all-undying name.

But him thou lov'st will urge thee on,
Though toilsome be the way,
That thou may'st gather for thy brow
A garland of the bay.

Thou 'lt listen to the longings high
Which in his spirit dwell,
Till round thy gentler soul is cast
The same resistless spell.

Then thou wilt weave thy touching lays,
And charm the hearts of men—
Sweet Empress in the realm of mind!
Thy sceptre is the PEN!

Nay! start not at my prophecy,
Nor deem it may not be;
For *change* must come o'er all things here,
And *change will come o'er* THEE.



Alas ! my son, I read for thee
A toilsome weary lot ;
And no bright place on earth shall be
To thee a " sunny spot."

And thou wilt make thy early grave
Beneath the ocean's surge,
And the wild music of its wave
● Thine only funeral dirge.



“ Fortune shall give, at heavy cost,
Most elegant attire ;
Black sable fur for winter's frost,
And silks, for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls and Brussel's lace
Your bosom's front to deck—
And diamond rings your hands to grace,
And rubies for your neck.

And you shall have a mansion fair,
A dwelling-house in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air,
A massive marble pile ;
With halls for banquets and for balls,
All furnished rich and fine ;
With stabled studs in fifty stalls,
And cellars for your wine.”

Tears you must shed unnumbered ;
And you must strive with care,
As strives in war the armed man,
And human woe must bear :

Must learn that joy is mockery ;
That man doth mask his heart ;
Must prove the trusted, faithless ;
And see the loved depart !

Must feel yourself alone, alone ;
Must weep when none can see ;
Must lock your grief like treasure up,
For lack of sympathy :

Must prove all human knowledge
A burden, a deceit ;
And many a flattering friendship find
A dark and hollow cheat.

To love and be beloved ! thou askest never
A brighter lot than this.
Should destiny affection's tendrils sever,
Dashed were thy cup of bliss.

But this will never be. Serenely moving
A down life's shadowy vale,
Only life's sweets thy melting rose-lips proving,
An uneventful tale.

Such is the history of thy brief sojourning
Where others toil and weep ;
Blest in the valley, nor thine eyes upturning
Where clouds the mountains sweep.

No dream of fame awakes thee from thy slumber,
Filling the solemn night
With crowding fancies, changeful, without
number,
Brilliant with mocking light. *

She loved you when the sunny light
Of bliss was on your brow ;
That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night,
And yet—she loves you now.

She loved you when your joyous tone
Taught every heart to thrill ;
The sweetness of that tongue is gone,
And yet—she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly stept,
The gayest of the gay ;
That pride the blight of time has swept,
Unlike *her* love, away.

She loved you when your home and heart
Of fortune's smile could boast ;
And saw that smile decay—depart—
And now she loves you most.

Oh! fair and flowery be thy way,
The skies all bright above thee ;
And brighter every coming day
To thee and those that love thee.

Calm o'er the soul may hope arise,
Each secret fear beguiling,
And every glance of those bright eyes
Be brilliant still and smiling.

And placid be thy gentle heart,
And peaceful all around it,
Nor grief, nor gloomy care impart
Its bitter pangs to wound it.

But loved and loving may'st thou live,
The purest bliss possessing ;
With every joy this world can give,
Hereafter every blessing.

String in 'the harp of God ! your music swells
Beneath the tranquil stars and noonday sun,
Far over mountain heights and twilight dells,
Till your sweet tones and Nature's blend in one,
And mingling still will each harmonious note
Through ages yet to come serenely float.

Friend of mankind ! with sympathetic heart,
You love the moorland hut and cottage door ;
With words divine you holy joy impart,
Singing sweet legends of the humble poor ;
And thus in calm delight, with feeling strong,
For thinking minds you breathe your simple song.

The earth to you is full of life and love ;
God by his presence quickens all the land ;
While mutely pointing to the heavens above,
The very trees and flowers like prophets stand,
Till mount and glen, and leaf and bud and stream
And cloud and star, with holy meaning beam !

Thou wishest nothing so much as love,
Maid of the dark-brown eyes!
Timid thou art as the unfledged dove,
Which longs to roam in the blue above,
But ne'er its pinion tries.

And thou wouldst fade like the crimson dye
Which comes with blushing eve,
And melts from the broad, bright western sky,
When the sun goes down, and thou wouldst die
If left alone to grieve.

The sibyl predicts thy coming fate,
Well pleased, fair girl, to show
That he, thy chosen and gentle mate,
Will shield the treasure he deems so great
From care and toil and woe.

*



Thou art the happy man, whose life even now,
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come ;
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Art pleased with it, and wert thou free to choose,
Would make thy fate thy choice ; whom peace,
the fruit

Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepar'st for happiness ; bespeak'st thou one,
Content, indeed, to sojourn whilst thou must
Below the skies ; but having there thy home,
The world o'erlooks thee in her busy search
Of objects, more illustrious in her view ;
And occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, thou o'erlook'st the
world.





Sweet lady ! twine no sacred ties
With pleasure's heartless votaries !
Hide thy soul's richness ! like that flower
Whose sweet aroma to no power
But the pure sunshine is revealed—
Long, long, midst leaves and moss concealed :
But, when *secure* of well-tried worth,
Then pour its hidden treasure forth :
And blend thy trusting tenderness
With man's strong, deep devotedness ;
Nor turn thee with a scornful eye,
From faith a kingdom could not buy.



Thou art a freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.—

Thou look'st abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in thy sight,
Call'st the delightful scenery all thine own.
Thine are the mountains, and the valleys thine,
And the resplendent rivers. Thine to enjoy
With a propriety which none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "my Father made them all."
Thy freedom is the same in every state,
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cases, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less ;
For thou hast wings, which neither sickness,
 pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.

I would not restrain thy bounding glee,
Nor check one moment thy gladness free ;
Be the task not mine to tell the tale
That shall darken thy smiles, thy young cheek
pale.

But all too soon may the shadows fall
Across thy path like midnight's pall ;
Then kneel in thy young and artless hour,
And pray for strength, ere the dark clouds lower.

Pray that thy heart, now fresh and free,
May be kept unstained in its purity ;
Pray that the spirit-lights burning within,
May never be quenched by the breath of sin.

Pray that wherever thy path may lead,—
With thorns beset, or with roses spread,
In clouds and sunshine, in smiles or tears,—
Thy faith be unshaken by doubts or fears.

Youth's sunshine unto thee—
Love first and dearest—has unveiled her face,
And thou hast sat beneath the trysting tree
In love's first fond embrace !

Enjoy thy happy dream,
For life hath not another such to give ;
The stream is flowing, love's enchanted stream—
Live, happy dreamer, live !

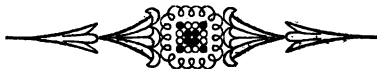
Go, cleanse thy heart and fill
Thy soul with love and goodness ; let it be
Like yonder lake, so holy, calm, and still,
So full of purity !

This is thy task on earth—
This is thy eager manhood's proudest goal ;
To cast all meanness and world-worship forth ;
And thus exalt the soul !



Little beauty, little wit,
And of money not a bit,
Shallow as a bubbling stream,
Unsubstantial as a dream,
But through life thou wilt be gay,
Sorrow with thee cannot stay.
Dress and fashion, dance and song,
To thy future lot belong,
But no high, ennobling deed
On thy page of life we read,
And a bubble as thou art,
All deny thee head and heart.

*



There is a bright ideal world
Upon thy vision now ;—
I read it in the deep blue eye,
And on the noble brow.

I would, I *would* it might not pass
From out thy future years ;
But thou hast Genius' soaring hopes,
And thou must know its fears.

Too beautiful for earth—those dreams!
They will not, cannot stay,
And, day by day, and year by year,
Must bear their light away.

Yet courage still ! for higher things
Are latent in thy soul,
And manhood yet shall see their power
In sweeping grandeur roll.



Maiden with the meek blue eye—
Hair of richest golden dye,
Lip of coral, snowy brow,
Beauty's charm is on thee now,—
Yet a nobler gift hast thou !
Genius rare, and lofty thought,
Tell thy mind is richly fraught
With aspirations strong and deep—
Yearnings that shall never sleep ;
In the sadness of thine eye,
And the rising of that sigh,
There are shadows o'er thee cast
By the memory of the past !
Maiden ! hast thou not believed,
Thou hast loved and been deceived.



But listen to thy Priestess. She will read
The sibylline leaves whereon thy fate is writ;
And thou most dutiful, must give true heed
To whatsoe'er the oracle deems fit.

There is a Temple—so I read, my friend—
Upon the brow of a most glorious Hill;
Thither ten thousand pilgrim footsteps tend,
Ten thousand now its golden portals fill;
Tablets are there where each one writes his
name,
It is the Temple, and the Hill of Fame.

Thither thy course is tending. Slowly now,
And with most cautious steps thy way is
traced;
Yet thou shalt stand at last upon its brow,
Thy forehead with a wreath of glory graced.



Long thy heavy heart will beat
With its own unholy heat,
If thy fancy, wild and fleet,

Like a homeless bird must fly,
Searching rock, and plain, and sky,
All too low, and yet too high.

Stricken spirit, there 's a tree
Grows for healing, grows for thee ;
Haste then,—to its covert flee !

Whispering oracles are rife
'Mid its leaves to quiet strife :
Spirit !—'t is the Tree of Life.





Dame Nature erst, in mood of merriment,
Performed the following odd experiment ;
She took a most diminished sprite,
Smaller than microscopic mite,—
An hundred thousand such might lie
Wedged in a cambric needle's eye,—
And first, by dint of her divinity,
Divided that one whole infinity,
Then cull'd the very smallest particle,
And shaped therefrom that worthless article,
That tiny, evanescent dole,
Which serves for thy contractèd soul.





The sibyl bids ye now a kind farewell !
With patient care she wove the mystic spell,
Made up of light and shade, of smiles and tears,
Of learning, honor, riches, length of years.
She hath one trifling boon to ask from all,—
Let not her " Mirror " into fragments fall !
Preserve her " Verses " from oblivion's wave,—
She hath no other boon from you to crave.



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